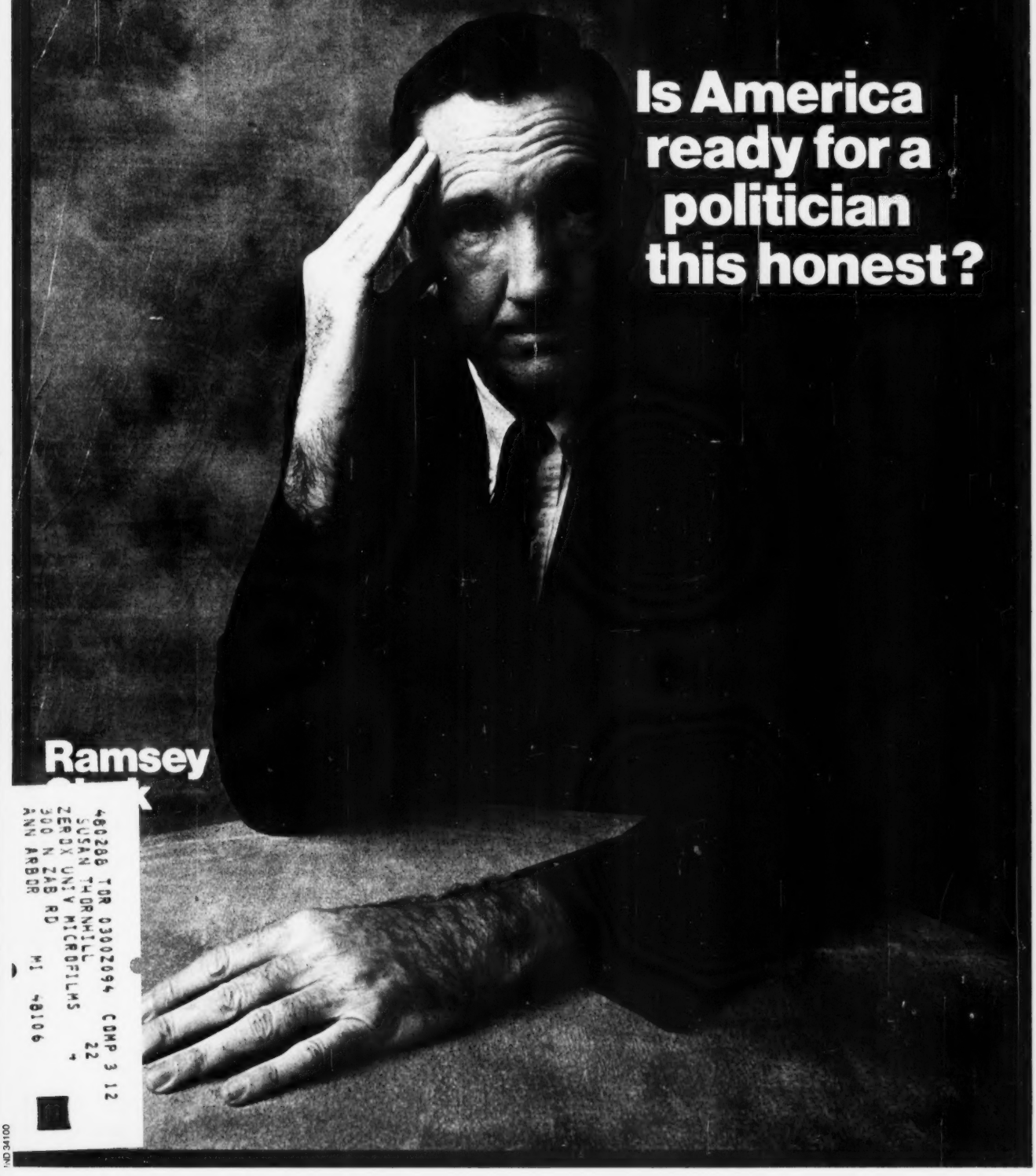
NOVEMBER 1, 1974/60 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES



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GARRICK OHLSSON

HOME: White Plains, New York

AGE: 25

PROFESSION: Concert Pianist

HOBBIES: Swimming, sailing, listening to contemporary music, attending opera.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Childhood's End," by Arthur Clarke

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first American to win the Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw.

QUOTE: "I've tried to go slowly. Too many competition winners have burned themselves out in a couple of years. To develop more fully, I'm now exploring unfamiliar repertoire such as pre-Bach, Scriabin and some contemporary composers."

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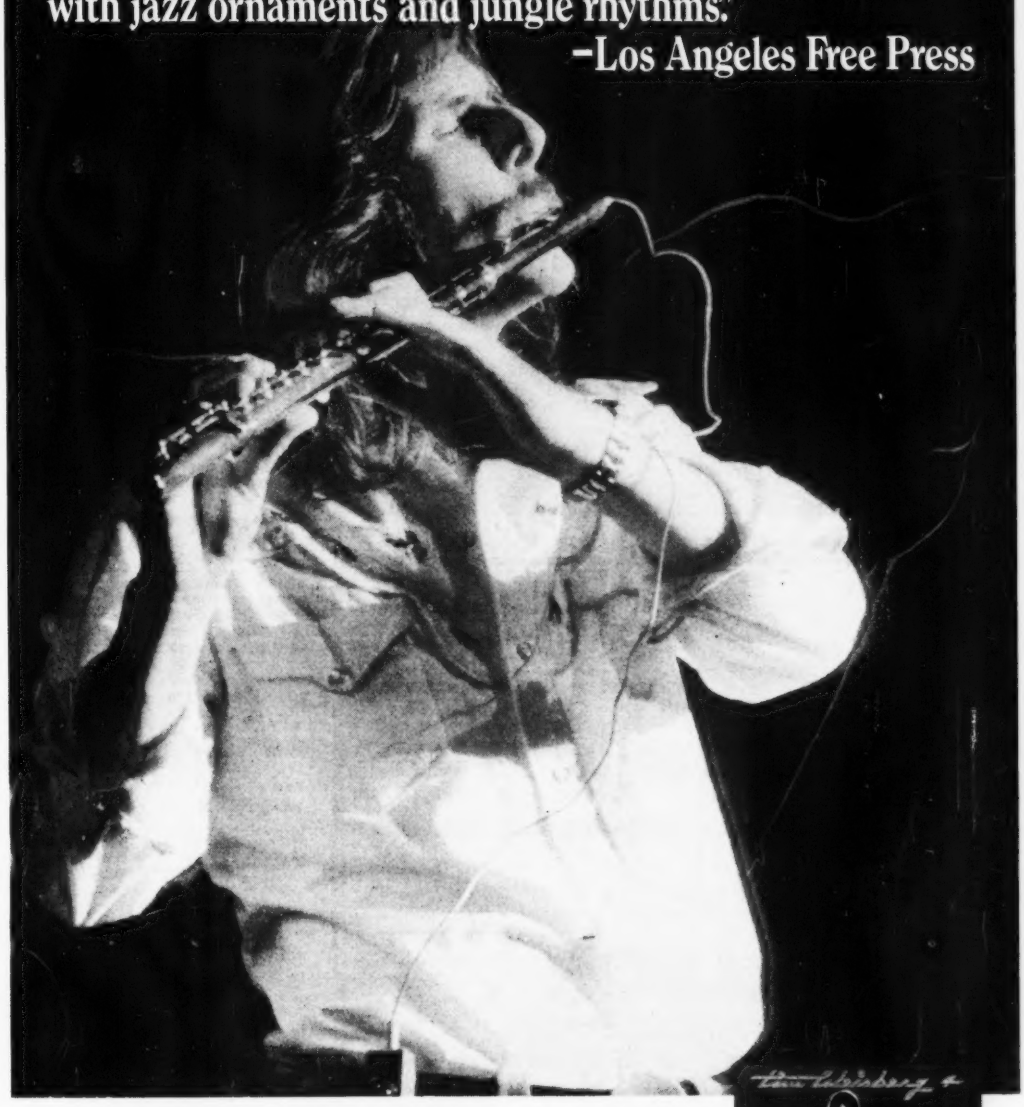

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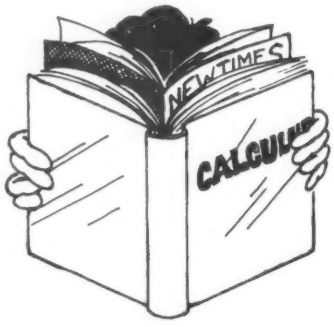

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BEHIND THE SCENES

The classic role of the reporter is looking from the outside and describing what goes on within. Rather like a psychiatrist, with analytical tools at his disposal, the reporter chisels away and finds the inner workings. Objectivity is all. As a columnist on the Chicago *Sun-Times*, Bob Greene has already written countless stories from that perspective. In fact, his last book, *Running: A Nixon-McGovern Campaign Journal* (1973), was based on just that kind of reporting: traveling alongside the candidates and describing what went on day to day.

But this issue's story about the Alice Cooper debacle in Toledo, Ohio, grew out of a considerably different idea. Taken from Greene's forthcoming book, *Billion Dollar Baby* (to be published by Atheneum early in November), Greene decided he wanted to write about a $2-billion business—the rock industry. More than that, he wanted to know "what it feels like to walk out on stage before an audience of 20,000 crazy, drugged-up people"—all anticipating an emotionally cathartic time of frenzy and highs. "What does it feel like to be the center of a universe, almost blinded by a spotlight, and as far as you can see, people are all screaming about you?"

So Greene decided to write from within, by joining a rock group rather than covering one from the outside. He picked the Alice Cooper band, which by 1973 was the biggest-drawing rock band anywhere, having grossed $17 million and having performed live before a total of 1 million people last year. Greene became a member of the Alice Cooper traveling entourage for their month-long Holiday Tour during the 1973 Christmas season.

His job? At the finale of each performance, after the lights had blacked out for a moment, Greene would enter from stage right, dressed in a Santa Claus suit. The rest of the band would enter from stage left. When the figures converged in the center, the lights would go up, Christmas carols would blare and suddenly Alice Cooper would climb up on a papier-mâché prop and begin beating Santa Claus a k a Bob Greene—to death. Composed mostly of 14-year-olds, the audience would invariably go wild, shouting, "Kill him! Kill him!"

Looking back on that long, hysterical month, Greene says, "I never had a better time in my life, and I'd do it again in a second." Indeed, he was surprised at how contagious that cushioned world proved to be, and how soon he grew accustomed to the road manager getting him to the Starship on time in chauffered limousines. But the effect on the group itself has been something else. Greene predicts that the world's biggest rock & roll band will soon split up. So . . . watch for Alice as a hard-working movie actor, busy doing guest shots on the Johnny Carson show.

George A. Hirsch

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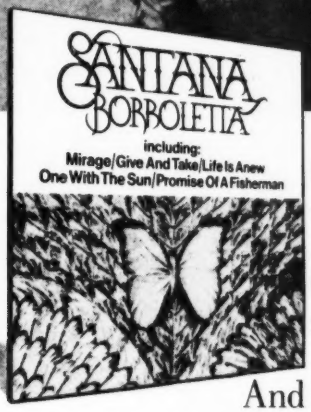

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What gets a bum thrown out?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Another World Series—denouement of that longest dramatic form, the baseball season—has been played out.

I feel myself about to get suckered into caring about people running up and down bouncing a ball, or lining up in groups of 22 to fight over one. These off-season distractions lack baseball's verbal dimension—the razzing, the chatter, the *arguments*. Before I deaden my head for the winter, there's one thing I want to know: WHAT GETS A BUM THROWN OUT?

A player, or a manager emergent from his dugout lair, charges up to an umpire, demanding that decision which is his team's right, or which it must have. Every vessel in his body nearly bursts in disbelief, every cord almost snaps with rage, as, inveighing against the judgment rendered, he stomps the ground, flays the air and searches the sky for a higher authority. And the umpire stands impassive, unless and until, with one grand sweeping motion of his thumb, he summarily and irrevocably throws the bum out.

What forbidden word, what straw of abuse piled on abuse breaks an umpire's patience and drives him to exercise his familiar but mysterious prerogative—ejection from the game?

I asked American League umpire Gerry Neudecker, a tough-looking man whose weathered skin and clear blue eyes contribute to a mien of cowboy calm.

Neudecker explained that there are no formal criteria for an ejection. It's left to the discretion of the umpire, but there are four basic reasons for throwing someone out.

One is simply delay of the game. "You let a man have his say," he said, and you try to explain the call, but if the player, having once or twice stated his version of events, goes on arguing, he will be warned, and, if he persists, ejected.

Profanity is another major offense. "Four-letter words come out—you allow some—but I don't let anybody direct it at me," Neudecker explained. The tolerance of the major leagues' 48 umpires varies, but none of them will countenance being sworn at. You can curse heaven and earth, but you cannot curse the umpire. That is, it's permissible to say "#$@!!, that ball was outside, Neudecker!" But you may not say "#$@!! Neudecker, that ball was outside!"

Throwing anything is considered disrespectful of the umpire, an affront to decorum and potentially dangerous, so a player will be bounced for that. "Or if he touches you. That's automatic. Because if they could touch you, there wouldn't be any umpires."

Larry Napp, with 24 years in the majors, baseball's senior umpire, says swearing at him is the quickest way out of the game. "Or if they kick dirt on the plate when you're brushing it off. Or sometimes they get too close and they're chewing tobacco. . . ."

He talked about throwing people out of the game who aren't in the game. "Sometimes they're saying something in the dugout. They don't like a couple of pitches. (There's a lot of pitches," he explained, parenthetically, "that aren't balls and that aren't strikes—what you call bitch pitches.) So if the bench is really on you, as a warning you run a dead one—someone who's not playing. And you tell them, 'The next one's a live one.' "

Are you angry when you eject someone, I asked Napp, or is it a cool professional judgment?

"Sure you're angry," he said. "They *try* to make you angry—to lose your composure. They try to get to your family—call your mother a whore, you know. After you run them is when they really unload. They try to get you to call them something so they can write the league president and say you said it first, to avoid a fine. That's why you have another umpire over to be your witness."

How many did he throw out last year?

"I got my share," Napp said. "You've got to throw out somebody to keep your self-respect."

God knows, self-respect is something an umpire needs. Both Neudecker and Napp made references to popularity contests, and the fact that they're not in one. Their murder is regularly called for by partisans of one team or another, but never more adamantly than after they have booted out somebody's darling.

Neudecker maintains that he does not hear the fans' abuse. When there's a big crowd, "it's one big roar." When the crowd is very small, more is distinguishable but by training and inclination he takes no note of it. He has formed the impression that fans don't appreciate umpires, but that is a matter of indifference to him. He knows that the umpire is indispensable. It is from his indispensability that he derives the authority to rule this ritualized combat of stick and stone with authority sufficient to throw bums out.

"Try putting the players on the honor system," Neudecker suggested, "and see what kind of game you'd have." ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

CLIPPINGS

Daring Raid

The Alexander Hotel Eight was before the Bench in what was supposed to be the trial of the season, when Municipal Court Judge Daniel M. Hanlon dramatically announced that the court was dropping the case. The Eight, aged 66 to 83, had come to grief when two Special Services (undercover) operatives had swooped down on the Alexander Hotel's private social parlor and caught them all in flagrante delicto, making change from everybody's lunch money for the poker game to begin directly. There was $78.05 on the table. The Cloaks had received an *Anonymous Tip*. They busted the Eight on Section 288 of the California Criminal Code. It has to do with running a gambling house.

One of the high rollers was in the hospital when the trial was to begin. Six of the Eight walked happily away from the courthouse after the trial was called off. When Judge Hanlon dropped his bombshell, the heart of George Burmaster, the 83-year-old, went trippety-trip. He was rolled from the courthouse in a wheelchair. Still, he told the TV cameras and reporters that the judge's action "tickles us all to death."—from the Arizona *Daily Star*

All the news . . .

Under the heading "Cardinal wants to talk/about 'other things,' " this sentence appeared in the *News-Tribune* of Beaver County, Pa.:

"The man who at varied times is called 'the most Roman of the Roman cardinals,' 'a 20th century Newman,' 'a man who can walk with crowned heads without losing his touch for the common man' (baloney) . . ."

Shortly, this appeared under the head "Apology":

" 'To any and all, of whatever faith, or conviction, who were offended by the insertion of the word "baloney" in a descriptive paragraph in our front page story about Cardinal John Wright Saturday the News-Tribune offers its apologies. However, we take only responsibility, not the blame,' William B. Northrop, publisher of the News-Tribune, said today.

" 'The word was not inserted by the management, nor by our editor, nor by the writer of the article. The word was inserted by printer Joseph Spielvogel . . .' " —from the *News-Tribune*, Beaver County, Pa.

This appeared in the Boston *Globe* under the heading "Piranhas are biting/in Westfield River":

The Massachusetts inland fishing began at dawn this morning for some 600,000 anglers but in at least one spot, the west branch of the Westfield River, there was some doubt as to who were the fishers and who were the fish.

That section of the river has been accidentally stocked with maneating piranhas."

(And so on)

Later, under "Corrections":

"A story which appeared in Saturday's edition of The Globe described the accidental stocking of tropical piranha fish in a remote stream in the Berkshires. The story, an attempted spoof by the author, Monty Montgomery, was untrue in every detail. The Globe apologizes for misleading its readers."

— from the Boston *Globe*

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How many dirty tricks did Rocky play?
Nixon's Merle Miller;
Chico stirs up the Chicanos

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Plumbing Rocky's iceberg

How could a man born as rich as Nelson Rockefeller, a proven public servant with an established record of integrity, ever be fingered for Watergate-type corruptions? That was the sentiment going into congressional hearings on his nomination for vice-president, a rhetorical question that didn't seem to need an answer. But it took only a few weeks to discover that Rocky was less than clean on that score—he had given questionable gratuities to men on the public payroll totaling nearly $2 million, and his brother had underwritten a hatchet-job book on Arthur Goldberg, Rocky's opponent in the 1970 gubernatorial race in New York.

These disclosures, it now appears, may only be the tip of the iceberg. House Judiciary investigators, we have learned, are now following up on at least two angles that could establish a history of Rockefeller dirty tricks and cast further doubt about his notion of "keeping good men in public office."

Dirty trick No. 2: The investigators are looking into Rockefeller's connection with the Liberal Party campaign in the 1966 New York gubernatorial race in which Rockefeller defeated Democrat Frank O'Connor by a slim margin. Rockefeller, according to some of the investigators' unconfirmed reports, gave some financial assistance to the Liberal Party candidate, Franklin Roosevelt Jr., in an attempt to split the Democratic vote. Furthermore, the investigators have some reason to believe that John Wells, the Rockefeller lawyer who engineered the Lasky book on Goldberg, may have also masterminded Rocky's Liberal Party ploy in 1966. (Oddly enough, when Perry Duryea, the New York State Assembly GOP leader, was indicted for a similar ploy early this year, it was reported that Rockefeller had been a prime mover in obtaining the indictments.)

Gratuities list: The Judiciary investigators have received an anonymous tip that the list of all former public officials who were or still are Rockefeller family consultants is "a mind-boggler." According to the tip, the size of the Rockefeller consultant payroll would make the gratuities revealed so far look like peanuts—and the register of recipients look like a *Who's Who* in public service.

In other words, we haven't seen the half of it yet. The probable outcome, some insiders are now saying, is that David and Laurance Rockefeller will summon Nelson to a family conference and say, "Look, Nelse, we've put up with your politics for years, but now the family fortune is on the line. Enough is enough." And then Nelson will withdraw for the last time.

The other law Rocky might have violated

The controversy over Rockefeller's gifts to various friends, some of whom had been public officials, has so far centered on a 1966 New York State bribery statute which prohibits anyone from "directly or indirectly" making a gift of $25 or more to any state employee, including an employee of an independent public authority such as William Ronan headed.

Rockefeller's defense has been to say he gave these men loans, which he turned into outright gifts only during brief periods of time when they were not officially on the state payroll. Therefore, he did not violate the law.

The Brothers Rockefeller: enough is enough

However, another New York State law, Section 200.30 of the New York State penal code, seems to apply more directly to Rockefeller's case and in the end could cause him more difficulty. It states: "A person is guilty of giving unlawful gratuities when he knowingly confers, or offers or agrees to confer, any benefit upon a public servant for having engaged in official conduct which he was required or

authorized to perform, and for which he was not entitled to any special or additional compensations."

Under this statute, a loan would in and of itself seem to qualify as a benefit. This section of the penal code also includes a commentary by two attorneys, who are now both New York State judges, which distinguishes between these statutes and the bribery statutes, pointing out that these statutes cover "all cases of reward for *proper* conduct."

" 'Tipping' a public servant undermines the integrity of governmental administration," the attorneys, Richard G. Denzer and Peter McQuillan, noted. "The giver of the unlawful gratuities to a public servant puts all citizens who have dealings with such a venal official under pressure to 'tip' or risk disfavor."

The attorneys' commentary then cites a 1965 Federal Appeals Court decision, U.S. v. Irwin: "The Awarding of gifts . . . related to an employee's official acts is an evil in itself even though the donor does not corruptly intend to influence the employee's official acts because it tends subtly or otherwise to bring about preferential treatment by government officials or employees, consciously or unconsciously, for those who give gifts as distinguished from those who do not."

Gift giving, concluded the court in that case, "is so fatally destructive to good government that a statute" prohibiting all gifts, even well-intentioned ones, "is a reasonable and proper means of insuring the integrity, fairness, and impartiality of the administration of the laws."

Under this section of the penal code, either giving or receiving unlawful gratuities is a Class A misdemeanor, punishable by a $1,000 fine or one year in jail.

—Nina Totenberg

Wilbur Mills' last hurrah

Wilbur Mills' midnight adventures hardly came as a big surprise to Capitol Hill. His relationship with the go-go girl who jumped in the Tidal Basin and his recent drinking problems were not Washington's best-kept secrets. A number of congressmen agreed with one who said that "it was only a matter of time before something like this happened." What worried some was that Mills had been paying less and less attention to his Ways and Means Committee even before the incident.

Polly Mills:
what are the neighbors going to think?

Oregon's Al Ullman has been running the committee on a day-to-day basis for some time. "Some of us have been quietly urging him to retire this term," said one committee Democrat, "but he wanted one more shot. Now we're stuck with him. Maybe it would be better if he lost." Arkansas pols are saying, for the first time, that a Mills loss is now a distinct possibility.

Incidentally, the laugh-a-minute statement Mills made in a lame attempt to explain the incident was commissioned—in no uncertain terms—by his wife Polly.

Political purity: easier said than done

Rufus Edmisten, the chubby-cheeked, pipe-smoking young fellow Watergate Committee fans will remember whispering in Sen. Sam Ervin's ear, is in trouble in his campaign for state attorney general, his first try for elective office. Seems that during his 10 years as Senator Sam's aide, Edmisten neglected to file North Carolina income tax returns—while maintaining residency in the state for voting purposes.

His Republican opponent in the race, James Carson, planted a question on Edmisten's tax status when the two were debating before a college audience, then bounced to the podium to denounce Edmisten for a "criminal offense." Edmisten at most owes the difference between what he would have paid in North Carolina and actually paid in Virginia taxes, but Carson argues that by not filing, the boy wonder (aged 33) showed his ignorance of North Carolina law.

Edmiston: down home problems

Carson is an incumbent of sorts (appointed to fill out the term of Senate candidate Robert Morgan) and is playing up Edmisten's remoteness from state politics. Democrats have recently shot back with a few nuggets on Carson—that he fudged his own residency status to save on tuition while a student at the University of North Carolina and obtained pardons for two clients while a judge. With Morgan a sure winner over blowhard Republican industrialist William Stevens in the Senate race, the Edmisten-Carson contest is the only political show going in the state. Informed observers rate it a toss-up.

—Rick Edmonds

Ethnic sweep in Hawaii

The 6-foot son of a former sumo wrestler is about to become the first Oriental governor of one of the United States. George Ryochi Ariyoshi, 48, Hawaii's lieutenant governor, won the Democratic nomination for governor of the 50th state Oct. 5 and is well on the road to winning the state's top office. He

Ariyoshi: to take over in Hawaii

faces a 70-year-old millionaire businessman in the Nov. 5 general election, and most observers consider his election a sure thing. The former governor, Democrat John A. Burns, is retiring after reigning 12 years in office.

Ariyoshi, a quiet, almost shy attorney and former state senator, is the son of Japanese immigrants. His father arrived here in 1918 as a ship's crewman and later became a sumo wrestler and small businessman. His

election would place Orientals in charge of virtually every major public office in the state, from all four congressional seats through governor and lieutenant governor. Even the president of the state-run University of Hawaii is of Japanese ancestry.

In some states, the racial makeup of the state's leadership could lead to trouble. Don't expect it to happen in Hawaii, however. Racial bloc voting is never as severe in the Islands as it is in other states, and Ariyoshi—as well as other top officeholders—draws his support from a wide cross section of the population.

—Gerald Burris

Dumb is good

A while back, *New Times* picked the Hon. William Scott (R-Va.) as the dumbest senator of them all. Since the field was crowded, naturally a controversy arose—aided and abetted by Mr. Scott himself, who called a press conference to deny our findings.

Well, the last word on the controversy has been had by the John Birch Society, which recently ranked Scott as No. 1 in its list of the top 10 senators. Earl Landgrebe (R-Ind.), who weighed in quite high on our list of the 10 dumbest congressmen, was also hailed by the John Birchers as No. 2 on their top 10 list.

MEDIA

Plain mis-speaking

After selling the rights to his final untold story for nearly $2 million, our ailing but always industrious ex-president has now signed up Ray Price, his former speechwriter, to write the book. According to one of our trusty sources, Nixon's revisionist history will be long—two volumes—and will be modeled after the oral history format that Merle Miller used so successfully in his book on Truman, *Plain Speaking*. The first volume, we are told, will chronicle Nixon's career as world peace diplomat, while the second volume will dance over the more sordid years of Watergate.

Ron tells all—except what really happened

Another of Richard Nixon's inner circle is working on an "inside-story" book. Ron Ziegler, the ex-White House press secretary, has been showing an outline and sample chapter to various agents and publishers. According to several publishing people who have seen xeroxes of the Ziegler work, it is about what you would expect: an apologia for Nixon and Ziegler himself. At one point in the sample chapter, Ron contends that he advised the ex-president to resign in May—months before anyone else in the inner circle took that tack. No one around the White House at that time can seem to remember Ziegler ever proposing resignation.

Ziegler: but can he write?

Chico not sufficiently macho

The pickets outside NBC's Burbank studios have been few in number, but the arguments they have generated have cast some shadows onto the otherwise rosy future of the new Friday night series *Chico and the Man*. A second-generation copy of *Sanford and Son*, *Chico* stars Freddie Prinze as a brash young Chicano working in the employ of bigoted, Anglo garage owner Jack Albertson.

Although the series is the first to feature a Chicano character in a major role, it hasn't endeared itself to many of Los Angeles' activist Chicanos, who object both to Chico's job, subservient to and dependent on the man, and Prinze's manner, considered far too boyish, slightly effeminate and not sufficiently macho. "It is very harmful to young kids," argues Joe Ortega, executive director of L.A.'s Model Cities Center for Law and Justice. "The message coming through is that if you go through your little song and dance the man will tolerate you. That's an image we're trying to get away from. We're trying to teach the kids that if you want to get along in American society, you have to strive and push."

Chico and the Man: Chicano fallout

NBC executives have initiated a series of meetings with the activists and privately claim that difficulties will be shortly resolved. But it is improbable that there will be any major changes in *Chico*, since the show has placed as high as No. 2 in the weekly Nielsen ratings.

Meanwhile, the activists are already talking of challenging the license of the local NBC outlet when it comes up for renewal. And TENAZ, a collection of Chicano theater groups, is planning to stage appropriate protest skits in front of local MacDonald's franchises, the program's sponsor, while urging a boycott of their burgers.

What's wrong with incest?

George C. Scott, who has already gained a reputation for his maverick moviemaking manners—after all, he did turn down an Academy Award—is bucking the system again. First, he decided to sell his new movie, *The Savage Is Loose*, directly to theaters rather than renting it out through the normal channels of distribution. And now, after the rating board of the Movie Picture Association of America gave the movie an R rating because it seemed to be about incest, Scott refused to accept the decision.

The movie tells of a shipwrecked scientist, his wife and their son. And during the second half, the son does seem to spend a lot of time lusting after his mother—lots of long meaningful looks, building up to a final embrace. Nevertheless, Scott says, "There is no act of incest in the picture. There is no contemplation on the part of the young man of the phenomenon of incest in the picture, because he doesn't even know what incest is."

Scott is so confident of his position that he intends to offer a money-back guarantee in nine test cities when the picture opens in

November: should parents accompanying their children to the film agree with the MPAA rating, then the cost of their tickets will be refunded. Scott is further urging theater operators to ignore the rating altogether, to drop it from their advertising and not bother to enforce it at the door. A number of major exhibitors seem inclined to go along with the suggestion, a development that would be the first serious challenge to the voluntary rating code since it was hoisted into place in the late '60s.

HEALTH

By Marion Steinmann

Breast feeding is more healthy

Breast milk apparently protects newborn babies against a highly fatal form of diarrhea called necrotizing enterocolitis, according to Dr. Barbara Barlow and Dr. Thomas Santulli of Babies Hospital, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, New York City. In experiments where the disease was induced in rats, all of the animals fed formula milk died of the disease, while all of the breast-milk-fed rats remained healthy. The breast milk probably works, the physicians say, by influencing the type of microorganisms living in the intestine. They point out that the disease is virtually unknown in underdeveloped countries where babies are breast fed.

"Teleologically, it is not surprising that breast milk would contain important ingredients, which in nature's own design were developed to provide optimal protection for the offspring," Dr. Santulli comments. "It seems a shame that—in our wisdom in promoting formula feeding—we have elected to throw those 'goodies' away. I would hope and expect that as a result of this study we will turn back the clock and encourage the use of breast feeding."

You've heard of tennis elbow, well . . .

Tyro golfer's rib—that's what they call the latest in bizarre sports ailments. Shortly after Dr. Sjahriar Rasad, head of the department of radiology at the University of Indonesia School of Medicine in Jakarta, took up golfing, he felt persistent discomfort in his back, on the left side near his shoulder. When he had himself X-rayed, it turned out that he had fractured at least two of his ribs and probably a third. Subsequently, Dr. Rasad came across two other beginning golfers who had similarly fractured their ribs.

The damage is done when the tyro hits the dirt instead of the ball,

The dangers of a bad golf swing

subjecting his back to tremendous forces. "It is obvious," Dr. Rasad explains, "that since the ground is solid, and the golf club is made of iron, and the golfer's body consists of weak muscles and fragile bones, it is the golfer's body that will be damaged."

Cadaver shortage

The drop in deaths due to automobile accidents is having a curious consequence for people who need kidney transplants. Reduced fatalities has meant that fewer cadaver kidneys are available for transplantation, according to Dr. J. Laurence Hill of the University of Chicago's Pritzker School of Medicine. At Chicago the number of kidneys donated is running more than 10 percent below the number available last year.

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The anti-politician

By Robert Sam Anson

"People in Manhattan are so crazy that they would vote for Ramsey Clark."
—Theodore H. White

That statement probably says more about Teddy White than it does about Manhattanites and even less about Ramsey Clark, who is running for the United States Senate against Jacob Javits. After all, how much can you trust a journalist—even a power elite groupie like Theodore H. White—who, in his last *Making*, adjudged Richard Milhous Nixon as "restrained" and "wise"? To be fair, White is not the only Interpreter of Great Events to have written off the Clark candidacy. Evans and Novak, the syndicated dynamic duo who had it all sewn up for Ed Muskie in 1972, have grimly forecasted that New York Democrats, in nominating Clark, have returned to "the politics of suicide."

On the face of it, Teddy and Rowlie and Bob's certifications of impending catastrophe are the single best indicators that maybe ole Ramsey has a chance. God knows that all the other signs are bad. Here is a man—a Texan, for Christ's sake—whose very name has become synonymous with coddling criminals, who defended the Berrigans, and the student body president at Kent State, and the prisoners at Attica, who went to goddammed Hanoi (not to mention some little side trips to Chile, Spain, Brazil and South Africa) when Jane Fonda was there, and is running in New York (a state which last sent James Buckley to the Senate) against Jacob Javits, whom a poll of legislative assistants found to be "the brightest man in the Senate."

The idea of a Clark victory seems too preposterous for serious contemplation. And, in anything but a preposterous political year, it would be. But Ramsey Clark's candidacy, by its very improbability, is somehow symbolic of times for which a good dose of absurdity is the only possible cure. In any event, Ramsey Clark now trails Jack Javits, everyone's good guy establishmentarian, by a statistical eyelash in the polls, and momentum is riding with him. He is drawing good crowds and increasingly emotional receptions. Incredibly, some of his strongest support is among Jewish voters, who, by every measure, ought to be going to his opponent in overwhelming numbers. But this is one election where ordinary measures are obsolete. "I look at him and I look at the numbers and I don't believe it," says one of the savviest pols in the state. "But this guy Clark is going to do it. Shit, he is going to win."

Ramsey Clark does everything that a man running for office shouldn't—and it all seems to be working

Whatever happens on election day, Clark has already demolished most of the liberal shibboliths about politics, made fools of the political pundits (reason enough to vote for him) and stands in proximate danger of making woolyheaded idealism, if not any more likable, at least respectable. And it's not just Clark's ideology—the $25 billion he wants to chop off the Pentagon's budget, the subways he would make free, the national health scheme he urges, the big oil companies he would break up—no, it's Ramsey himself. If the Frank Shakespeares and Dave Garths of this world were to sit down and list all the personal qualities that would make a candidate positively *un*electable, they could hardly do better than what Ramsey Clark has done all on his lonesome. He's lousy in crowds. Ignores his staff. Is bored by the press. Awkward shaking hands. Death on small talk. Wears suits out of the '50s (the top and bottom seldom match) and, are you ready, *hush puppies*. Puts people to sleep when he starts to talk. And, while he would

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM ANDERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM ANDERSON

evidently like to win, manages to give you the impression that if he doesn't, well, his life will somehow go on. "Gee," Clark said the night he won a smashing victory over his machine-backed primary opponent, "I don't know much about politics."

The fact that he is running against Jacob Javits proves that. A few months ago, Javits was counted as one of the few Republican senators who had little to worry about this election year. Javits carries integrity around like it's a rubber ball. Cautiously liberal, as bright and hard-working as he is well-connected, Jack Javits, the son of an immigrant tailor, is the very embodiment of the assimilation ethic, and, after 18 years in the Senate, as close to a political institution as Republican Jews ever become. Maybe that is the problem. Wanting so much to get into the country club, Javits started acting like the chairman of the membership committee. When the tapes revealed that Nixon had a fondness for words like "Jewboy," Javits somehow managed to defend him. By his very reasonableness, Javits became a caricature of himself, a man who had forgotten who he was and whence he had sprung, a "burnt-out case," in Richard Reeves' savage but only-too-accurate phrase. Yet, until recently, he was regarded as so unassailable that the only good reason prospective Democratic candidates could give to run against him was that a loss to Javits would be a gilt-edged credential for running against the far more vulnerable James Buckley in 1976.

Such is the state of popular wisdom in the Democratic Party, and, to his credit, Clark ignored it. From the outset, he has practiced high-risk, go-for-broke politics. To put his name in nomination before the state convention, he chose Herbert X. Blyden, a black Attica inmate serving 15 to 20 years for armed robbery and allegedly a leader of the bloody prison uprising, and Frank Serpico, the former New York cop whose fanatical incorruptibility won him a bullet in the head. The fact that neither of them is eligible to vote seemed to bother Clark not at all. Far more startling, however, was Clark's announcement that he would not accept campaign contributions over $100, and that if anybody sent them in, he would send them right back. Or, as Clark's few newspaper ads put it: "Send money. But not too much."

The tactic, whether artful or not (originally, Clark said he would not accept any contributions larger than $10, which was later increased to $25, then $50, then $100 and, finally, $100 for the primary and $100 for the general election), has proven to be the political gimmick of the year. It has probably brought Clark as much free television time and newspaper space as big contributions (which he had no realistic hope of getting, anyway) would have brought him, and, in political terms, it served dramatically to underscore his differences with Javits, who listed as contributors ordinary folk like Jock Whitney, a couple of the Mellons, the chairman of First National City Bank and Nelson Rockefeller (Javits refused to return a $15,000 contribution from the vice-president designate even though he will have to vote on his confirmation).

"Ramsey Clark Is Different," his campaign slogan explained. He is that, all right; not even the good people who believe he is part and parcel of the international Communist conspiracy have challenged the authenticity of his *differentness*. And simply by being different, by traveling to personal appearances by subway (he reluctantly traded in his car, a 1949 Oldsmobile, a few years ago), by forgetting names and not slapping backs, by seeming to lack even a reasonable amount of artifice or guile, by being, in short, radically *unpolitical*, Clark, in this year when people are pissed off at everybody—even harmless schnooks like Jacob Javits—is fashioning one of the great political upsets of the decade.

Nixon said in '68, "We're going to have a new attorney general." That quote is now emblazoned on Clark's literature

Ramsey Clark has never been an easy guy to figure out; his life has been a continuing improbability. The son of Tom Clark, a conservative Texas pol, former U.S. attorney general and Supreme Court justice, Ramsey joined the Marine Corps right out of high school—a "seventeen year old string bean," as one writer described him, "quiet, jug-eared, country-talking and slow moving . . . a shy delicate youngster . . . who had never been elected to anything, and who shunned sports and read books." After his discharge, Clark picked up his B.A. from the University of Texas, and a master's and a law degree from Chicago—all in the space of three years. He joined a moderate-sized law firm in Dallas, and, to all appearances, seemed to have settled down to the life of a successful Texas lawyer. His specialty was representing small businessmen against the large oil firms, and one of his suits was the largest anti-merger action in the history of the industry. In 10 years, he lost only one jury trial.

But, in 1961, he was infected, along with a lot of other bright young lawyers, by galloping New Frontierism. Clark went to Robert Kennedy's Justice Department as assistant attorney general in charge of the lands division. When RFK geared up the Department for the final pursuit of Jimmy Hoffa, Clark was the only one of his top aides to object, on the grounds that Bobby was not only being prosecutor but also judge and jury. Nick Katzenbach, Kennedy's replacement, promoted Clark to deputy A.G. in 1965, and when Katzenbach, in turn, moved to the State Department in 1966, Clark took over. He had already established his reputation as the Department's house civil libertarian, going to Ole Miss in 1962, Birmingham in 1963 and Selma in 1965, along with helping draft the 1964 Civil Rights Act, but that was merely a foretaste of what was to come during Clark's two years as attorney general. Almost alone among law enforcement officials, Clark opposed the death penalty and endorsed the Supreme Court's Miranda decision. He also convinced Johnson to veto the "no-knock" D.C. anti-crime bill, which Clark regarded as unconstitutional. And when Johnson wanted to deny the Poor People's March a campsite, Clark said flatly, "You can't do that." (Johnson went along on that occasion, but finally tired of his attorney general. Exasperated, he once cracked, "He's not Tom Clark's boy.")

In 1967 Clark issued sweeping new regulations forbidding the use of wiretapping and virtually all electronic surveillance by federal agents, except in national security cases. The people, Clark reasoned, "have greater confidence in themselves and in their law enforcement" when such methods are not used. Many others thought differently. By the time of the 1968 presidential election, Clark had become, by common reckoning, the most liberal attorney general in history, and a symbol of the Democrats' supposed permissiveness. Richard Nixon drew his loudest, most enthusiastic applause during his acceptance speech to the 1968 Republican convention when he declared: "If we are to restore order and respect for law in this country, there's one place we're going to have to begin: we're going to have a new attorney general."

Today, with one of Clark's successors a convicted perjurer and another on trial for felonies that could put him behind bars for years, that quote is proudly em-

Anson's last piece for NEW TIMES *was on the sex scandal at Notre Dame.*

Clark with supporter Serpico. Candor has done a lot for both.

blazoned on Clark's campaign literature. But, for a time, Clark had trouble making believers out of his critics on the left. They remembered not that Clark had sued ITT, but that he had prosecuted William Sloane Coffin and Dr. Spock for encouraging draft evasion. The incident, for which Clark, even today, has no apologies, was indeed a strange one when set against the rest of his determinedly liberal record. Though the indictment against Spock, Coffin and their fellow "co-conspirators" was handed down by a federal grand jury in Boston, Clark personally approved the prosecution. "Yes, I take full responsibility for that," he says. "The attorney general must enforce the law as he sees it. Personally, I'm opposed to the use of conspiracy statutes to prosecute people whom you could prosecute otherwise. But we were prosecuting poor people every day for stealing cars with those statutes, so I couldn't see how we could make an exception in their case, simply because they were better known." Eventually, the convictions against Coffin and Spock were thrown out on appeal, and, since then, Clark has been Coffin's house guest and the object of warm words from Dr. Spock, whom Clark now considers a good friend. For a while, however, Clark seemed to be doing personal penance.

That, at any rate, is how it looked to some of Clark's friends. When Clark left the Justice Department, he seemed ready to enlist in every "worthy" cause, however obscure. Whenever there was an ad in the New York *Times* demanding justice for Chicanos or blacks or Indians or prisoners or Russian Jews or assorted species of vanishing wildlife, often as not, the name "Ramsey Clark, former U.S. Attorney General," would be listed below as one of the sponsors. For so-called "political criminals" like Phil Berrigan and Ruchel Magee, he provided not only a competent defense, but, more important, a public spotlight. Gradually, Clark redeemed himself. Among cynics in the movement, he also acquired a new reputation—that of a soft touch, a slow-drawling version of Dr. Spock, someone who was just so good, bled so much, that he could be counted on to do almost anything. One joke on the liberal cocktail party circuit had it that if someone told Ramsey Clark that the "nauga" was an endangered species, Clark would call for a ban on the sale of Naugahyde furniture.

The goo-goo image was enhanced by Clark's now-famous trip to Hanoi in July 1972. Clark was one of a six-member group which was invited by the North Vietnamese to inspect American bomb damage, especially against the Red River dikes. While in Vietnam, Clark also met with a group of American POWs, pronounced them in better health than he was, and said as much during a broadcast over Radio Hanoi. On his return, the Veterans of Foreign Wars urged his prosecution (along with that of Jane Fonda) for being a "traitorous meddler in official government security." Even the normally sympathetic New York *Times* was aghast at Clark's performance, and editorially called him to task for exercising "poor judgment."

Clark was typically unconcerned, and today dismisses suggestions that he has in any way been made a patsy for the left. On the other hand, he gives the impression that it doesn't bother him if he has. "Sure my name is on a lot of lists," he shrugs. "It's because I'm an all-fronts person. I don't believe there is a single remedy for the trouble we're in. I don't believe in the theory that you have a certain amount of chips to play with and you have to be careful not to squander them. That's bullshit. You're better off—at least with yourself—by being wide open."

It is pronouncements like that which helped convince most political observers that when Clark announced his senatorial candidacy last May, he was simply suiting up for another kamikaze mission. To gain even the nomination Clark not only had to contend with the right and

center, but he also had to compete for the affections of the left. There his rival was Allard Lowenstein, the former congressman and president-dumper who lately had shown surprising strength not only among Teddy White's crazy Manhattan liberals, but among conservative, upstate "appleknockers." Sure enough, Lowenstein grabbed off the endorsement of the New Democratic Coalition, the party's reform wing. Clark, for his part, ran his campaign almost like a caricature of the befuddled do-gooder.

At first, he didn't even want to formally announce his candidacy, saying that he disliked "coming-out parties" and preferred just sort of going around telling people that he was running and letting them know why. Eventually, his friends persuaded him that the New York *Times* would never believe he was a genuine candidate unless he had a press conference. He relented—sort of—and invited the press over to his Greenwich Village apartment one day to hear his spiel and have some coffee. He also gave in about having an office and putting in more than two phones once one was finally rented. But, on other things, Clark resisted. He wouldn't hear of the office being in the Empire State Building, even though the space was comparatively cheap. "That's a symbol of Rockefeller money," Clark told his advisers. "How would it look in a people's campaign if I were way up there looking down on everybody?" "Don't think of it that way, Ramsey," an aide protested. "What you'll be doing is watching over them." But Clark wouldn't budge. Nor would he accept the advice of political consultant John Martilla who was insisting on the need for a "benchmark poll," costing $16,000. "Sixteen thousand dollars for a benchmark," Clark said, raising his eyebrows (the equivalent of expletive-deleted time coming up). "Now, how am I going to explain to a poor person in Harlem that I had to spend $16,000 for a benchmark?" And that was the end of John Martilla.

Instead, Clark relied on the help of amateurs. For his campaign manager he selected Victor Navasky, a writer and book reviewer for the *Times* whom Clark had met while Navasky was writing a book on Robert Kennedy's Justice Department. "But I don't know anything about politics," Navasky said, when Clark made his proposition. "That's why I'm asking you," Clark replied. "If I had a campaign manager who knew something about politics, he'd always be telling me to do things I don't want to do, and he'd end up always frustrated because I'd never do them." One pro of sorts who did sign on was Mark Green, a key aide to Ralph Nader, who took over issues research, and none too soon. Once, before Green's arrival, Clark told a political club that the solution to the oil crisis was a temporary ban on the use of fossil fuel, which, of course, includes oil, coal and natural gas. It was a fine-sounding liberal notion, and, if it were enacted, Western Civilization would have come instantly to a screeching halt.

No matter. Clark was blessed. At the state nominating convention, Lowenstein suddenly announced that he had changed his mind and would try to get back his seat in Congress. In his place, the party regulars backed Lee Alexander, the mayor of Syracuse, whose credential for higher office seemed to be that he was bland, good-looking and, important to the ethnics, part Greek. Clark wound up with 1 percent of the state delegates' votes, and got on the ballot only by mounting a massive petition drive. On primary day, Clark demolished Alexander and one other rival, an eccentric businessman named Abe Hirshfeld, by nearly 155,000 votes.

Clark hates commercial spots. His only 30-second spot is about how bad 30-second spots are

Being the party's candidate hasn't changed Clark much. He does spend the night in hotels now while on the road (during the primary, he always stayed in private homes, for economy's sake, but grew uncomfortable about "imposing on people"), and, to his considerable irritation, has been forced to fly by private plane a few times, when all the seats on the commercial flights were booked. But he still won't allow police-escorted motorcades, finding it "almost un-American that one person should be able to inconvenience a whole lot of others simply because he's a politician." Adds the former attorney general, "I always have thought that the police should spend all their time enforcing the law." Clark can be a quiet tyrant about wasted time (jogging, a favorite avocation of liberal politicians, is ruled out for this reason) and what he deems as inefficiency, but he has been known to detour nearly an hour out of his way to satisfy his craving for Dunkin' Donuts. Naturally, he favors the plain variety, nothing sugar-coated or creme-filled. Clark is, in fact, something of an addict about junk food, especially "Whoppers" and "Big Macs." Coming out of a meeting recently, and late, as usual, for his next appointment, he insisted on taking his staff to a nearby Baskin-Robbins for an ice-cream cone. "We'll feel a whole lot better about being late after we've had some ice cream," he explained. Besides, Clark, who keeps careful track of such things, knew that pralines and cream, his favorite flavor, was returning that day to the 31 flavor lineup, after a month's "vacation."

Clark is still not comfortable in crowds, especially those he encounters during the "walking tours" that have become a staple in advance men's diets. Arriving in South Jamaica, a ghetto in Queens, recently, Clark was told by an aide that he was scheduled to spend the next 40 minutes, accompanied by two assemblymen and a city councilman whom he did not know, walking up the street shaking hands, largely for the benefit of Frank Reynolds and an ABC network film crew who were on hand to record the event. Clark bit on his lower lip and said unhappily, "Do your best to make it thirty minutes, huh?"

The whole media-image game that has become supposedly essential to campaigning bothers Clark. The reaction shows in his clothes. His typical uniform is a pair of blue levis, a white button-down shirt, inch-and-a-half-wide tie and the top half of an old suit for which the pants have worn out—and, of course, the hush puppies. Does anyone ever try to do anything with his clothes, a reporter wonders. "Well," Clark replies in droll deadpan, "Mother did once." His staff doesn't fare any better. In a meeting with some of them the other day, the subject of political commercials came up. Clark, who hates 30- and 60-second spots (his only 30-second spot is a commercial about how bad 30-second commercials are), wanted to buy a half-hour of air time to lay out what he thought were the issues. His aides grimaced. "Will it be a good buy?" Clark asked. "Nope," they replied. "Will many people watch?" he pressed. "Almost none." "Good," Clark said, pounding the table for emphasis, "we'll do it!" Everybody laughed, including Ramsey, but they knew he wasn't kidding. It is that kind of a campaign.

The campaign is no more than a reflection of Clark himself. "I'd rather lose well than win badly," he says, as politicians are expected to say, but in a way which somehow makes the old cliches more believable. Like most of what Clark says, it also smacks of self-righteousness, Southwestern-style. There is the sound of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JIM ANDERSON

Clark headquarters in Manhattan. He vetoed offices in the Empire State.

the preacher in Clark—an enlightened Presbyterian preacher, but a preacher nonetheless. Addressing a group of black ministers not long ago, Clark spoke in rising, relentless cadences of social justice, of fallen heroes like Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, of the utter necessity of "restoring compassion and love in our political dialogue," and he did it in a way that was neither corny nor unctuous, but rather angry and insistent. When he finished, the ministers were on their feet, clapping and shouting. One man yelled, "Reverend Clark." And, somehow, it seemed to fit.

The trouble with virtue publicly proclaimed is that it is off-putting; Clark's redeeming quality is that he truly seems to mean what he says. Sure, he would like to win, if only because if he loses it will be a long drink of water before another candidate tries to make it on the kind of straight-from-the-gut, beholden-to-no-one campaign Clark has run. Or, as Ken Lerer, Clark's 22-year-old deputy campaign manager puts it: "If we lose, we'll still make a big point, but people won't know what it is." All the same, Clark and his campaign seem to be saying, in a quiet, understated way, that he doesn't much give a damn what the experts think, whoever they are, however important they happen to be. "One of the things that has always bothered me about politics," Clark says, "is that there is always someone whispering in the candidate's ear, 'You can't do this,' or 'You have to do that' because of the consequences and what people think. Well, I've always tried to do what I believed was right and not worry about the consequences."

Maybe it is simply putting things in perspective. A longtime friend of Clark's recalls being in a restaurant once with Clark, his wife Georgia and their daughter Rhonda, who is profoundly retarded. When the food was put on the table, Rhonda began making loud noises, thrashed about and finally knocked some of the dishes to the floor with a crash that had everyone else's head in the restaurant turned toward them. "Ramsey didn't even blink," the friend is quoted as saying. "He just kept all his attention and love on Rhonda. That's what was important to him. He didn't give a shit about people around him or what they thought."

Perhaps the explanation is too neat. For all the casual openness, the affecting of jeans, the bike-riding through the Village, the willingness to laugh at himself, Ramsey Clark remains an intensely private, complicated man, and one suspects that it requires more than the telling of a simple story to unravel the strands of his personality. Clark, for one, discourages such speculation. "I'm so square it hurts," says the man who studs his speeches with quotations from John Stuart Mill and goes to sleep at night to the sound of Mozart sonatas. The honest, plain-folksism is the key to Clark's popularity; whether it is the key to Clark himself is something else again. Maybe it's just that after a decade of flawed men, it's hard not to keep looking for the cynical answer. How, after all, do you contend with a man who looks and sounds like nothing so much as Jimmy Stewart in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*?

First, you suspend disbelief. Then, you do your best to forget all the truisms you've ever heard about politics—which is one reason why most of New York's professional liberals are notably absent from the Clark campaign; they couldn't. Finally, you take the plunge, and, babbling goo-goo, you become a believer. "It's like being back when we were kids," says Ronnie Eldridge, a no-nonsense former Kennedy and Lindsay hand and one of Clark's supporters from the beginning. "This is politics like we read about it in grade school. A man goes out, says what he believes and people elect him. Of course, we were so sophisticated, we knew it never happened that way. We had all our great methods, our analysis and our polls, and we ended up just talking to each other. No wonder people didn't believe us. This is what it was supposed to be all along."

Listen to that kind of talk long enough, and you can reach only one conclusion. Teddy White is right. People are crazy as hell. They *are* going to vote for Ramsey Clark. ●

The Texas chameleon

By Mark Pinsky

Behind his back, at those precious sherry parties given by the English department during the mid-1960s, Dr. Robert Krueger's Duke University colleagues used to refer to him as "Cowboy Bob." Usually, he pretended not to hear or, much later, to care. But he did care. And, despite a Ph.D. from Oxford, it took Bob Krueger a long time to live down his background—the son of a self-made, small-town, Texas millionaire who first struck it rich by hoarding used cars during World War II.

But live it down he did, parlaying popular success in the classroom, serious scholarship and a liberal image into a major deanship at the age of 33. Krueger became so adept at maneuvering in the genteel, back-stabbing world of the academy that he was edged out of contention as president of Duke only at the last by former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford.

Krueger's father died in 1972, and shortly thereafter he announced that he was resigning as dean in order to return to his hometown of New Braunfels, Texas, to "manage the family business," which by then included a half-dozen new car agencies, a hotel, an investment company and a hosiery mill. Privately, he informed students and colleagues that he was going home to run for Congress. Those who heard did not believe. They couldn't conceive of the soft-spoken, sensitive English professor, of such cultured and delicate mein, abandoning a shining academic future for the rough and tumble circus of Texas politics.

There is no doubt whatever as to where the Candidate stands on the issues.

The Candidate is against "amnesty for draft dodgers." And "socialized medicine." And "forced busing." And "wasteful government spending." And gun control. And "federal land use policies."

The Candidate is for "tough anti-crime and drug abuse policies." And the oil depletion allowance. And "right to work" laws.

During the primary, in which he spent a quarter of a million dollars of his family's fortune, the Candidate charged that his opponent had previously taken money from the AFL-CIO and, worse, had been endorsed by the Sierra Club. (The Candidate is well acquainted with labor issues, as he is chairman of the board of a cotton mill wherein 95 percent of the production workers are Chicanos, including "wetbacks," and 95 percent of the supervisors are white. A mill that only phased out its two "company stores" in 1970, and where today, mention of the word "union" will get you fired immediately.)

The New Politics, Southern-style, is to whore a little for everyone—as the campaign of former Duke University dean Bob Krueger makes clear

But don't be misled. The Candidate, according to the youthful, former McGovern workers who are running his campaign, should be thought of as a liberal, "within the Southern context," and not judged too harshly.

When the adjective "Southern" is affixed to the designation "liberal," it is turned into the most conditional of all philosophical labels. Since the early 1950s, when the plague of McCarthyism and school desegregation hysteria first swept the region, wiping out all the genuine liberals, any politician who doesn't say "nigger" and doesn't say "ain't" is regularly puffed into a Great White Hope of a mythical kingdom called the "New South." Well, Dr. Robert Krueger, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., author, former English professor and college dean, now candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives for the 21st District, Texas, on the Democratic ticket, does not say "nigger." Nor does he say "ain't." In fact, within earshot of big city reporters, he is more likely to quote Shakespeare or Pope. He is, nonetheless, running one of the slickest, most cynical campaigns in the history of the South, old or new—and running very well, which is saying a great deal.

The 21st Congressional District is, geographically, one of the largest in the nation. It takes in 20 percent of Texas, 50,000 square miles, making it slightly larger than the state of New York. Although it misses being the home of the Alamo by half a mile, the 21st does include a lot of equally memorable state history. Scattered around the sprawling, West Texas district are the homesteads of three of the state's favorite sons: Judge Roy Bean, Vice President John Nance "Cactus Jack" Garner and the LBJ Ranch.

It is also the home of the "Texas Germans," refugees from the Revolution of 1848. These assorted liberals, socialists and anarchists settled throughout the Hill Country, as the region is known, in the 1850s and, naturally, joined the most radical political party they could find, which was the newly established Republican Party. Most, at their extreme peril, supported the North during the Civil War on the basis of their opposition to slavery, and even raised a memorial to slain Union soldiers. However, as the GOP's long slide toward conservatism coincided with the immigrants' rise to affluence, today's Texas Germans remain faithful members

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

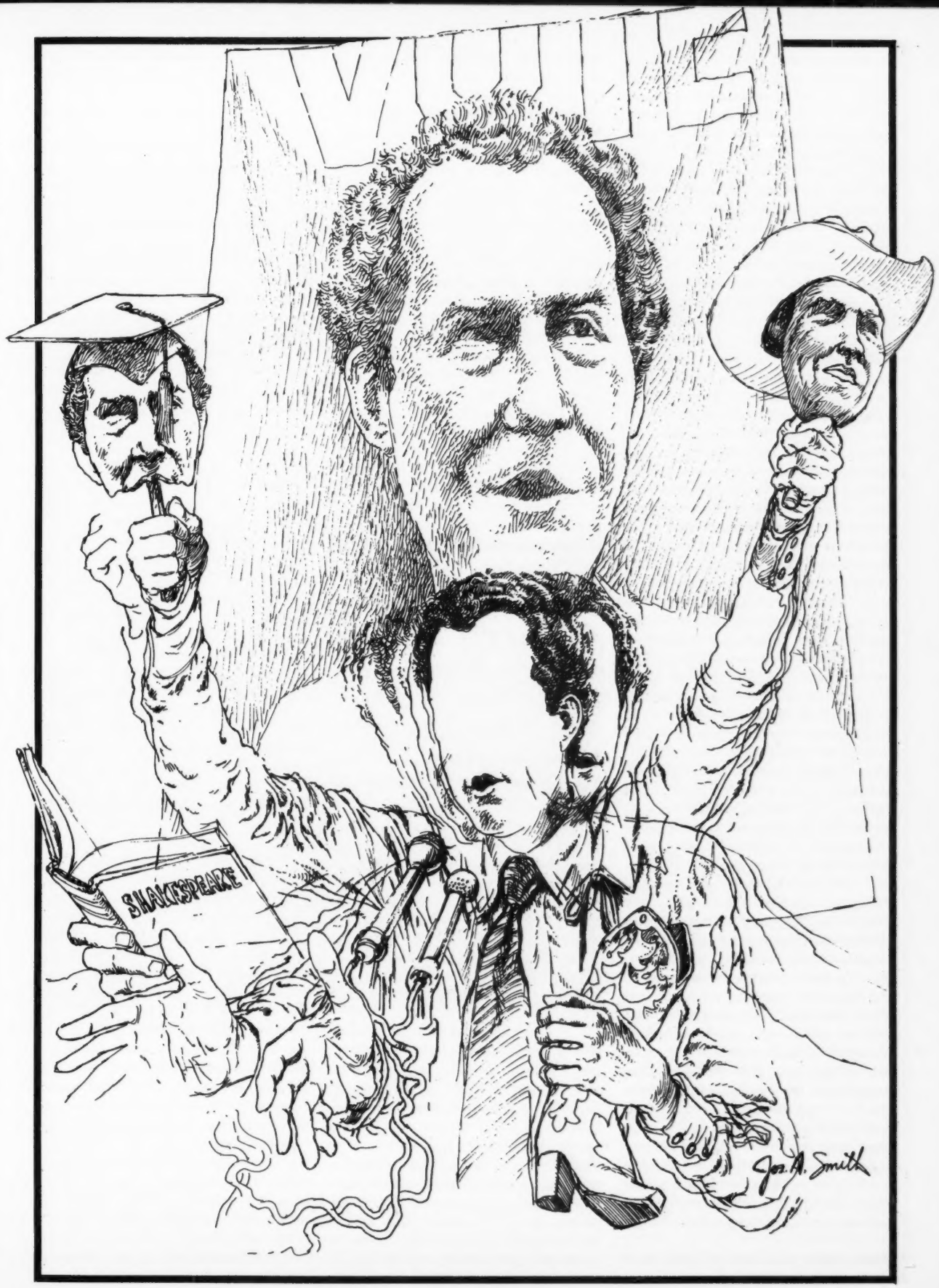

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

of the Republican Party.

Between the Texas Germans and the back country Anglo ranchers, the 21st has always been a very conservative district. Representative O.C. Fisher (D-Tex.), the retiring incumbent, has for years campaigned on his "O" rating from the Americans for Democratic Action. In 1970 the Texas legislature added to the Hill Country some of the affluent suburbs of San Antonio, which didn't make the district any more conservative than it was–that would have been impossible. It did make it more nominally Republican.

Traditionally, the way Southern liberals have managed to get elected and survive in districts like the 21st, and states like Texas, is to run hard, finesse the hot issues, do their homework once in office and whore completely for one special interest with a lot of clout, either financial or political or both. The most popular of the latter are those likely to cause the least obvious philosophical embarrassment, like the teachers, the truckers or–in dry states–the liquor lobby. Those to be avoided are the big mules: oil, textiles and the banks. That, of course, is the Old Politics way of getting liberals elected.

The New Politics way seems to be to lie, flat out. The bigger the better. For example, since he left New Braunfels at age 18 to attend Southern Methodist University, young Dr. Krueger has never lived in the district for more than three months in a row for the last 20 years. So naturally, he campaigns as a hometown boy, "born and raised in the district." And although he has been an academic all his life, he is presented to the voters of the 21st as a "businessman," having recently been appointed to his first position in industry–chairman of the board of Comal Hosiery Mills, a family enterprise.

Both of Krueger's top campaign strategists were leaders of the 1972 Texas McGovern campaign. Krueger's Austin political advertising agency also handled the McGovern campaign. Together, they have produced a lavish PR campaign for the Candidate, featuring newspaper ads, flyers, brochures, palm cards, door hangers and red, white and blue bumper stickers. Their slickest piece of work by far was an eight-page, illustrated advertising supplement. On page two of the supplement, Krueger writes: ". . . in these times when most people seeking public office need ghost writers, PR firms and advertising agencies to put words in their mouths, I want you to know that I have written every word in this supplement." At the bottom of the same page, there is a photograph of the Candidate, surrounded by two adult women, three young girls and a dog, identified in the caption as "his family," nowhere mentioning that Krueger is a bachelor. Two pages later, the Candidate's 1040 income tax return is reproduced, showing him with an annual income last year of $30,000. The net worth of the Krueger family enterprises, estimated in the millions, is likewise omitted.

Once Dr. Robert Krueger, academic, was transformed and packaged into the Candidate, the rest was money, merchandising and demographics. From the outset, the Candidate was advertised as a CONSERVATIVE (all capitals) Democrat. In the first Democratic primary, a free-for-all horse race with a half-dozen serious contenders, he was sold as a fresh-faced, young non-politician, of German ancestry. Then, in the runoff against Rep. Fisher's heir-apparent, state Sen. Nelson Wolff, of San Antonio, the strategy was shifted to run the country boy (Krueger) against the city boy (Wolff), particularly against "the San Antonio machine"

Krueger's literature has him posed with "his family"—two women, three young girls and a dog. He has never been married

run by "ten powerful men." It worked, and Krueger's campaign was so impressive that the night of his victory over Wolff, the state senator and his campaign manager paid a personal visit to Krueger headquarters, informing the nominee that the selfsame "San Antonio machine" was now prepared to swing behind Krueger in the general election. Perhaps the only surprise of the primary campaign was how much Bob Krueger enjoyed campaigning, and how good at it he turned out to be.

Even after his primary victory, though, Bob Krueger looked to have three major political liabilities: he is young, he is a bachelor and he is an academic. In West Texas folks don't like their politicians to be any of those things. But miraculously, all three disadvantages were neutralized with the selection of his Republican opponent, Doug Harlan. Harlan, who is making his second race in the district, is himself a 30-year-old, unmarried college professor. Indeed, about the same time Bob Krueger was making his first moves in Duke's English department, Harlan was across campus in the political science department working on his master's degree.

Harlan, a straightforward conservative who has edited two books on Texas politics, has been stumping the district with the biggest names in the Texas Republican Party–John Tower, George Bush and Ann Armstrong–but it is not the type of campaign he had hoped to run. He had wanted, he says, to tour the 21st with Krueger, "almost like a joint campaign, with plenty of debates. I thought it would mean a high-minded, enlightened campaign where we could offer the voters a clear choice of ideology and party."

But that isn't the way Krueger wanted it. He understands that, New Politics or old, high-mindedness and enlightenment aren't the way to win elections. So he's set his own ground rules and played hard.

He's been at it now for nine months. Nine months of 10- , 12- , 14-hour days. No gathering is too small, no stunt too corny. During the primary, the Candidate attended 27 of 32 county livestock shows. He rode the last lap with the mail on Pony Express Day at Ft. Stockton. His curly brown hair is considerably shorter now than it was when he was at Duke, and his speaking voice is much deeper than it used to be, with more conviction and none of the reflective pauses that used to punctuate it. Mostly, though, he listens intently to people, arms folded, nodding silent agreement until he can get a word in. When he speaks, it's usually to agree in some vague, but enthusiastic way to whatever the speaker has said, regardless of how contradictory to his previous positions.

On a typical day on the road, the Candidate begins by piling out of his San Angelo motel room and into his large white station wagon at about 7 a.m. The vehicle has a plush red interior and a mobile telephone. After helping his single driver/advance man load campaign literature, two pairs of cowboy boots ("You can't very well go to an REA barbecue in lace-up shoes," he shrugs) and a straw stetson into the rear compartment, Krueger takes the shotgun seat next to his driver, attaches the radar detector to the sun visor, and the big car roars off, never dropping below 80, cruising the roads of the 21st District. Down roads marked by squashed armadillos and the Texas Highway Department's "Drive Friendly" signs, over concrete bridges that span dry river beds, staring blankly out the window at the mesquite and cotton wood trees as far as the eye can see.

No opportunity is too trivial to avoid campaigning. A stop at the gas sta-

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tion prompts the Candidate to spring from the car to introduce himself to workmen in a pickup truck parked at the next pump. Breakfast at a cafe in the tiny town of Rowena, a *Last Picture Show* look-alike, gives the Candidate an opportunity to demonstrate his phenomenal recall for names (he has been to Rowena several times before) and to converse in fluent German with the locals. He becomes so caught up in his conversation he forgets his food, leaving his own table and advance man, photographer and reporter in order to lounge at the breakfast table of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CHAPIN

After months on the campaign trail, Krueger has the common touch down pat.

his would-be constituents. When he does return to his table, he drops his voice and has the aide make a note of the names of each of the people he has spoken with. Each will receive a follow-up letter from Krueger headquarters within two days.

Next, on to the city of Ballinger, county seat of Runnels County. Tours of a local telephone assembly plant, a small cut-and-sew dress factory and a luncheon speech to the Rotarians. Then across the street to the courthouse and a meeting with the county commissioners and local officials. It's a regular meeting, with regular business to consider, but Krueger has asked with no advance notice to sit in on the proceedings, and the boys are anxious for the entertainment. Around the long table, they are clearly of two types, those who work indoors and those who work outside. The town folk—the county judge, the clerk, the juvenile corrections officer—have a soft, smooth meanness to them. The ranchers are cut from a different cloth—burnished, weather-lined faces, hard eyes and short, slicked-down black hair. With the exception of the judge, who is an avowed Republican, Krueger will likely get all the votes at the table in the general election, simply because his Republican opponent is "that fella from San Antonio."

They know it and Krueger knows it. But first, they're going to put the Candidate through his paces, make him dance, and make him sweat if they can. They begin, taking turns as the judge nods slightly to each. There is a red coffee can in the middle of the table, into which tobacco is leisurely spit. Krueger drapes his tall, rangy frame over his chair at one corner of the table, hugging an arm. He is amiable and relaxed, but wary.

They begin. Welfare cheaters. Marijuana. Busing. Law and Order. Abortion. Pornography. Federal interference. Labor unions. Morality. "Certain people" who just don't like to work. The Candidate agrees and agrees, never even parrying, regardless of how outrageous the charge. He is being baited, but he won't go for it. Only once, during a diatribe on busing, does he inquire meekly, "Is there any busing in Runnels County?"

"Nope. None of that stuff here."

There is no way to win on points at this table. For two hours they go on, until—like a schoolboy—Krueger is dismissed with their good wishes.

Pausing only for a Coke, he proceeds through every office in the three-story courthouse. Then, up and down the main street of Ballinger. He's indefatigable now, knowing in his gut that, barring any mishap, he is going to win.

Finally, there is a pause. Under a big tree on the courthouse lawn, alone, the Candidate talks about politics, the South and the old days at Duke, when he was the lion of the wine and cheese set, reading poetry to his classes out on the quad.

"Didn't it bother you to have to say all that shit in there?" he is asked.

Krueger flinches neither at the word nor the question.

"Not at all." He pauses and glances toward the courthouse. "You know," he says with a smile. "You may not believe this, but I am completely at ease with the people of my district."

"You mean that your politics haven't changed at all since you were at Duke?"

"Not really. It's just that nobody at Duke ever asked me my position on things like right to work laws."

He's right, in a way. When he was still in the English department, he ran with a radical segment of the junior faculty, but he never really took a stand on any issue. One always assumed that he was "on our side," yet it was only an assumption. Two years later, when the tear gas finally cleared, all the other young faculty members were gone—fired, driven out or contracts unrenewed—and he was dean of undergraduate education.

"Well, then, what about amnesty?" he is asked. "Don't you believe that, basically, the people who went to fight the war were wrong, and the people who refused to fight were right?"

"Well, you know, Thoreau said . . ."

"No Bob, I want the short answer."

"No." ●

Introducing Machine-Gun Ronnie Thompson!

By Gregory Jaynes

And so came Lester Maddox to the noose. Whipped. "A staggering defeat," he himself called it after George Busbee, a colorless but hard-working state representative, outpolled Maddox damn near two to one in Georgia's Democratic race for governor. Rejoicing was heard from all the Republic's corners. Even David Brinkley employed the cliche "end of an era" in his nightly journal on NBC. The South shall no longer be ridiculed because of its stupid leaders. By God, somebody down here has started voting intelligently.

But not everybody.

On the same day that Georgia's Democrats evicted Maddox, her Republicans embraced Ronnie Thompson, the mayor of Macon, Ga., a town of 120,000 souls. Thompson edged out a dull Atlanta candidate named Harold Dye by 542 votes. The campaign was right dull, too, when compared with the race for Congress Thompson made two summers ago. In the middle of that one, the mayor walked out in his back yard and fired off a round with an automatic pistol, scaring hell out of his neighbors. They are still debating locally whether the mayor was naked at the time. The mayor is suing those who claim he was. The incident evoked little outrage in Macon. You see, the mayor emits wacky surprises like bullets.

Greg Jaynes, formerly with the Atlanta Constitution, *is now homesteading a 40-acre farm in the Georgia mountains.*

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Thompson is considered the dark horse in the November race against Busbee. Adding to his troubles is the widespread report that he may be indicted in the next couple of months—as soon as a federal grand jury finishes its investigation of gambling and vice in his part of Georgia. Even worse, the mayor has been tagged with a $50,000 lawsuit. It seems one of his cops shot a black kid in the leg. Thompson has at times ordered his officers to shoot to kill. The parents of the wounded kid, who was mistaken for a criminal, him running and being armed with a Daisy Ryder BB gun and all, held Thompson accountable. So did the court.

The mayor of Macon, Georgia, shoots to kill—with his mouth. Once his targets were blacks and hippies. Now he's aiming for the statehouse

The mayor said the suit financially wrecked him. "All I have left is the breath in my body," he groaned. *Nevertheless* (as Eleanor Roosevelt said when a heckler called her husband a fag), he won the Republican primary, and even if he doesn't win the gubernatorial election, his strength is sufficient to keep him high in southern politics for years and years. Trouble is, if the nation held an odious image of Lester, it ain't reckoned with anything like Machine-gun Thompson, a nickname he acquired several years ago with the use of a trigger.

Regard:

He bought an Army personnel carrier for his police department, equipped it with machine gun and cannon, and intended to use it on snipers. The Army recalled it.

He offered a paid vacation to the first policeman "that shoots or apprehends an armed robber." The robber got arrested without getting shot and Thompson sent two officers and their wives to the Bahamas for a weekend.

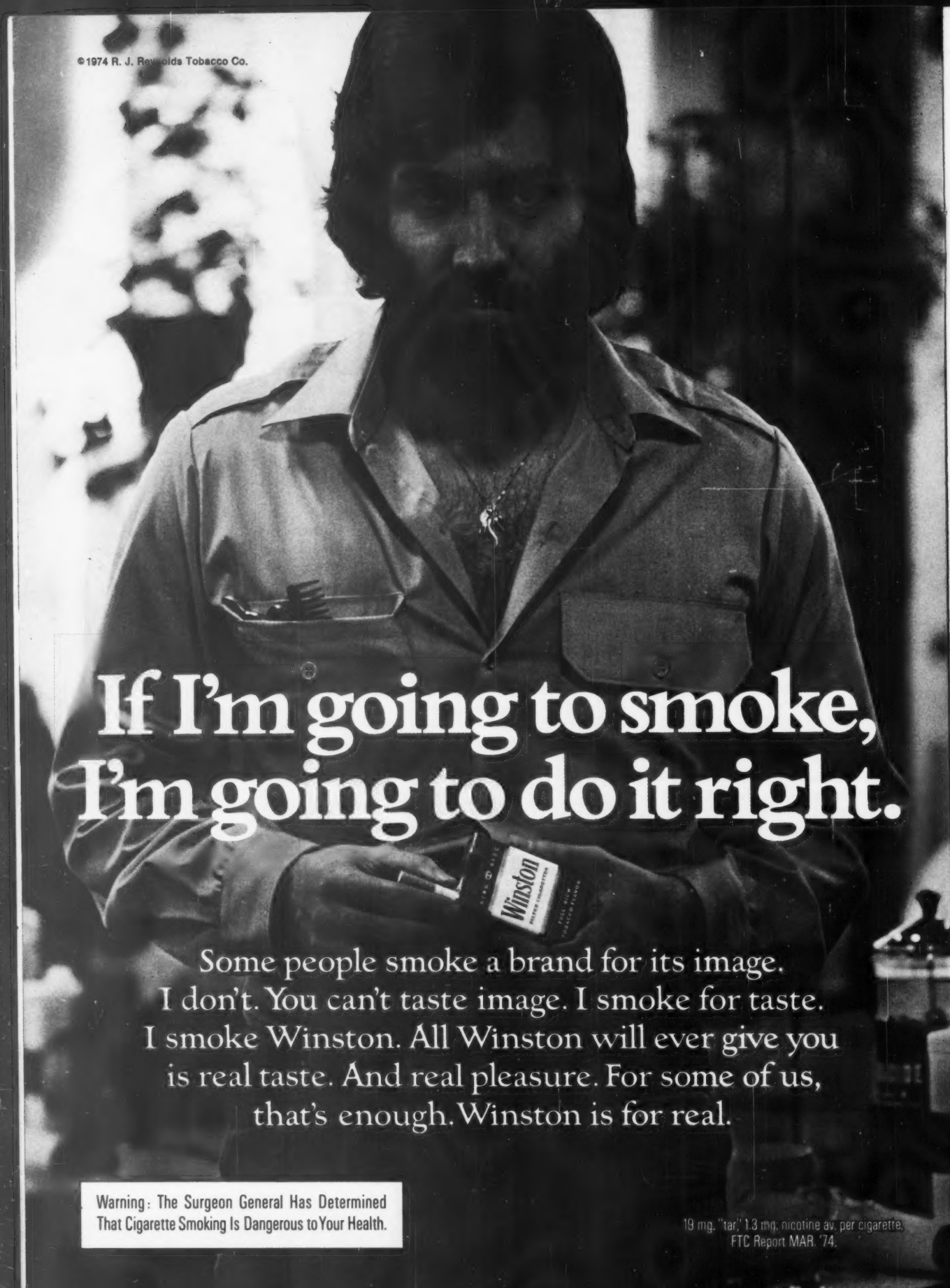
He advertised this message on 19 billboards: "Beware. Armed robbers will be shot! Ronnie Thompson."

He went to Disneyworld "to inspect the monorail" at city expense.

He banned an issue of *Playboy* because it depicted Santa Claus in the nude.

He toured Europe with his bodyguard and the city comptroller, inspecting urban areas. The City Council questioned the $6,000 expenditure and particularly the necessity of taking along the bodyguard. "He's a meter reader expert," the mayor explained, quashing all dissension.

He is constantly attacking the Macon *Telegraph* and the Macon *News*, both of which take rather mild editorial stands. He feels they're out to get him. "We decline to become engaged in a braying contest with a jackass," the general manager of both newspapers was provoked to


©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
If I'm going to smoke, I'm going to do it right.
Winston
Some people smoke a brand for its image. I don't. You can't taste image. I smoke for taste. I smoke Winston. All Winston will ever give you is real taste. And real pleasure. For some of us, that's enough. Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

UPI

The nerve gas episode: Thompson tells the Army it will not go through Macon.

say.

He ordered a police sergeant to test fire his machine gun and to broadcast the fire over the police radio system, in case any militants were monitoring.

And on and on and on.

Surely, John Ronnie Thompson was the kind of kid who spat at adversaries, all the while hollering, "Eat a booger!" The impudence is much with him today, 40 years after his birth in Richmond County, the son of a cotton mill worker. Attack him and he cries foul. Incur attack and the call is fair. And slick? Forget about your snake oil salesmen; this dude could peddle jars of used snuff.

I went to see him for the first time on a Tuesday, City Council day—just about the only day you can count on catching him in his office, a City Hall regular had advised. The mayor, in green blazer, yellow shirt, plaid tie and plaid slacks, with black and grey hair Vitalised close to the head and parted severely on the left, was receiving visitors.

There were four men waiting for individual audiences. They crossed and recrossed their legs, stuck their index fingers between their collars and their necks to allow air in, and stared at the gold chandelier. One even replaced a light bulb while he waited. The secretary, Mary, kept track of how far down the line we were. I was 45 minutes down the line.

The mayor had governed rather conservatively these past few weeks. He miffed a few sensitive Republicans with a joke at a recent state convention, but, given his history, that was small potatoes. "And what was that joke?" I asked. "It was a joke about President Nixon being hit with another problem—but there was a good side and a bad side. The bad side was that 10,000 Martians had landed in Alabama. He's very concerned about this but his aide tells him there is a good side. The aide says, 'They eat black people and wee-wee gasoline.' " The mayor stopped telling the joke on the day that Nixon resigned.

In his office there is a closed-circuit TV which monitors the city jail. There are plaques on the walls, some of which honor Thompson for a famous "Shoot to kill!" order early in his administration. There is a tape recorder loaded with his gubernatorial campaign theme song: "If You Don't Like Policemen, Call A Hippie." Baptist gospel singer Thompson sings a line in the song, criticizing those who think "shooting felons is inhumane."

I say: "About your nickname . . ."

In Thompson's office there is a tape recorder loaded with his gubernatorial theme song: "If You Don't Like Policemen, Call A Hippie"

"I'll get to that whole machine gun thing," he says, "but I want to start from the beginning." He tells of his days as a schoolboy patrolman, of being rewarded with Saturday trips to the movies, escorted by local cops. He was heavily influenced as a child by a mayor who would put on magic shows for the leading school patrolmen. I put on my glasses to read a plaque, presented by the Georgia Fraternal Order of Police. "Presented to Macon's Mayor Ronnie Thompson, whose concern for law and order gave him the courage to say, 'Shoot to Kill.' "

". . . So I became a jeweler by trade but I kept my interest in politics. . . ." Thompson won his first race for city alderman in 1963, turning Republican simply because he liked Barry Goldwater. Four years later he became Macon's first Republican mayor (congratulatory telegrams included one from Dwight D. Eisenhower) and four years after that he was reelected with an overwhelming majority. "The only issue in that race," he says, "was the machine gun mayor."

I say: "About the machine gun . . ."

Aside from the $7 million Japanese zipper factory that just went up in Macon, music is the only real game in town. The city has been home to James Brown, the late Otis Redding, the Allman Brothers Band, Little Richard, Wayne Cochran. Directly across the street from City Hall sits the white stucco offices of Capricorn Records, probably the largest independent recording company in the country. Looking out the mayor's window, I see Phil Walden, the 36-year-old president of Capricorn, tool up in his six-doored Rolls Royce. Back in the early '60s, Walden and a black sidekick used to muse, over chili dogs, about making it big. Walden would be the black singer's promoter, manager, all-around handler. It took them a couple of years, but Otis Redding made it big and Walden made a fortune. Now, Walden is a millionaire with the Allman Brothers Band, the nation's hottest, under his wing.

One time I walked into Walden's plush office and talked with him about his business, and Macon, and Ronnie Thompson. Wearing a T-shirt and bluejeans and sneakers and a thick batch of brown curls, Walden allowed as how he made his fortune all before Macon even knew what he was doing. "I don't think Macon realized what we were until Watkins Glen," he said. About 600,000 fans turned out to hear the Allman Brothers at Watkins Glen, N.Y., last year. "Now we seem to have something in the local papers all the time."

And Ronnie Thompson? "He's a real kick," Walden said. "He likes us." While we were talking, Gregg Allman, rail-thin bandleader heartthrob with long, long blond hair, strolled into Walden's office and put his dog down on the deep pile carpeting and the pup let fly with a big pile of turds. "See how loose we are down here?" Walden said.

That night, I would sit in on a rehearsal with the Allman Brothers Band, smack in the middle of a city being steered by a hysterically law and order-conscious mayor, and watch and take part in the consumption of three $22.50 bottles of Dom Perignon, 1966, a quart of J&B Scotch, two dozen snootsful of cocaine

and too many beers to keep track of. "A little champagne," said Gregg Allman, "a little cocaine, and we'll make music." And what of Ronnie Thompson? The answer is the same cavalier one I received from all the freaks in town. "He's a far-out dude. Weird."

Besides Machine-gun Thompson and music, there are the gnats. The gnats are so plentiful from Macon to the Florida line that every human inhabitant walks around looking like the Flyface character in Dick Tracy. It is the gnats I think about as Thompson drones on into his oral memoir—a long spiel about growth and a low employment rate, spoken directly into the microphone of the tape recorder. He knew I would have to listen to it sooner or later. He has now opened the windows, rolled up his sleeves and reached the tale of the local sanitation strike. The workers wanted a union. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference backed the workers. . . . "I had to use force, or show I would use force, because they were going to stop all our sanitation trucks," explains the mayor.

"And I put flags on the side of each sanitation vehicle and I told them if they attacked that—flying the American flag, providing a vital American health service—that I would accept it as a declaration of war and I would go to war. And they decided they didn't want to try that and they got out of town the next day and they've never been back."

Somewhere along in here, the mayor shoves a tape of the Sego Brothers and Naomi singing "He'll Walk By Your Side" into the cassette player and gets to the part about the nerve-gas train. Everybody who wasn't living under a rock at the time remembers the 2,000 tons of gas that went by railroad to burial in the Atlantic Ocean. Lester Maddox, who was governor then, decided if the military had anything to do with it, the project was good as gold. He offered to ride it through Georgia. Thompson, nearly hysterical, vowed to stop it, lest it harm his city.

The mayor, fearing that a "large, revolutionary, anti-American group" would board the train and sabotage it in Macon, gave the matter some stout thinking. Ultimately, he came up with a very bright thought (such thoughts are usually followed by the expression: "Now, there's one for the old noggin!"). If such a terrible thing were going to happen, he reckoned, it would happen in big, bustling Atlanta, 80 miles away. The train went through.

No sooner had the mayor brilliantly resolved the nerve-gas problem than another crisis reared. "They [anarchists, blacks, something or other] were threatening to burn us down again,"

WIDE WORLD

The mayor says: flag patches save lives.

Thompson recalls. "I was in the vicinity of where this policeman was being pinned down by a sniper. I got out of the car and undoubtedly the sniper recognized who I was because a bullet barely missed my head.

"I saw where the fire came from and I reached over and took a carbine rifle and I returned the fire to the window where it came from, hoping it would pin the sniper down. And when I showed the police where the bullet came from, they converged on that area. The next day, the newspapers had a front page story that I had opened fire on a sniper with a Thompson submachine gun and I have never touched a submachine gun."

At first, Thompson says he found the machine gun image "a little bit absurd and out of the ordinary." Then he came to find that about half of the industrial prospects his city was wooing "supported me doing that. They liked the idea. And I finally got to the idea where I didn't say yes or no, whether I actually did it or didn't.

"Let me tell you what I did. I'm a jeweler by trade. I designed me a pin which was going to be extremely controversial." (It bears a submachine gun and the word THOMPSON. He hands me a handful from a drawer.) "I made ladies' jewelry out of them, cuff links, everything. We sold 15,000 of them for a dollar apiece. That's how I financed my campaign for reelection and I won overwhelmingly."

Comes now the summer of 1972, when Thompson was running for Congress against W. S. Stuckey, whose candy fortune is written in neon along the interstate highways of America. Thompson wound up in the College Street Hospital, a psychiatric institution, for a 12-day stay. "Proves it," one south Georgia legislator said then. "Ol' Ronnie's crazier'n a loon." The facts are murky. Thompson says his troubles started with a concussion, received when his private plane hit a down draft on a flight to the coast.

The concussion put the mayor in the hospital for a brief stay. A few days later, his neighbors found him slumped on the floor of his home. Earlier in the day, he had been seen firing pistol shots in his back yard. (The mayor has just filed a $2.4 million slander suit against a local radio station over the incident. During a discussion of streaking, a caller had said: "All this stuff about streaking, did he [Thompson] forget he done the same dern thing in his own yard naked? . . . They put him in the hospital and said he was sick." A second caller, identifying herself as a neighbor, said: "And when the guns went off, I looked out my window and there he was buck naked, and the police was already there with him.")

On the day of the back yard shooting, the mayor went back to the hospital for a 10-day stay. His physician described it as a reaction to medication. Thompson says he was firing the pistol " 'cause I

PHOTOGRAPH BY SLICK LAWSON

The mayor of Macon meets the voters in Atlanta during the gubernatorial primary.

wanted to orient myself how to fire an automatic pistol" because his life had been threatened. He told me his son was with him. He told New York *Times*man Wayne King a policeman was with him during the shooting. He is known to vary the account.

The mayor got out of the hospital and promptly checked into the psychiatric institution. He says it was strictly voluntary and that he stayed there because he had been hallucinating. His physician reported that it was depression. Thompson figures it to be a side effect of the concussion. "When I got out of there, I was as sound as I ever was."

The story in Macon is that Thompson was strung out on alcohol and amphetamines. "I don't have a drinking problem," Thompson told me. "That's just a vicious rumor." The mayor may drink little now, but he used to be a man of consumption, according to several locals. "Used to get drunker'n Cootie Brown in the bar down at the Hilton," one City Hall regular said. "Drive around in that big old car with a blond scrunched up next to him. All that's changed now that he's running for governor. They say he's cleaned himself up quite a bit. See him drinking sherry now and again."

Between hospital stays, Thompson kept challenging Stuckey to a live television debate. Stuckey refused. The Macon newspapers invited a raft of candidates in for a round-table discussion. Seeking an account of the showdown, I invited a local reporter to lunch, his choice, anything, on me. He chose a fast food, roast beef joint. The man behind the counter, a burly service veteran with eagles tattooed on both biceps, took orders and yelled, "Gimme one Hammy! Gimme one Beefy!" The reporter and I ordered Beefies. The lunch cost me a buck fifty. Here is the information I got:

"For one thing, you just don't face the mayor live. He's so ruthless. I mean, truth, fact or fiction, it doesn't matter. He'll cut you to ribbons. Well, Ronnie hired a camera crew to film the discussion, and when he walked in with that crew Stuckey said, 'Uh-uh. No way.' Somebody suggested turning off the lights and talking in the dark, but that didn't go over.

"Ronnie ended up walking out. His tactics are something. I'd say that's a typical way Ronnie operates. You ought to see him run the City Council. Our City Council is completely and utterly spineless. Whatever Ronnie wants, well, he gets it."

Thompson wound up losing the race by 12,000 votes. Still, considering the publicity he had received during the summer, it was quite a measure of popularity. He did get 40,000 votes. He had been in a psychiatric institution. It *was* the summer of Eagleton. His wife of 20-something years, Nita, had filed for divorce and taken the two children. And based on that sampling of political appeal, he is running like hell for the governor's office.

Now, Georgia is not a state full of dummies, but it does seem to have a penchant for embracing kooks. Avowed racist J. B. Stoner can get 15,000 votes any time he runs for political office. "I been fightin' niggers all my life," is what he says. Lester rode to office only through the help of black-scared whites. Thompson, despite his outrageous antics, remains a very popular figure with whites on his home turf. A petition calling for his ouster, signed by 600 blacks, went nowhere a year ago. He is a smooth, good-looking candidate with a soft, pleasing voice. He truly is capable of spreading his core-deep paranoia over the criminal element.

Picture this one: It's a hot, hot day in late June and Thompson walks across a field of horse dung, past a concession stand that was an Airstream trailer when it was young, and enters a steel barn of a building where the Middle Georgia Citizens Band Radio Club is holding its 10th annual jamboree.

"All this stuff about streaking. Did he [Thompson] forget he done the same dern thing in his own yard—naked?"

"Quiet," a corpulent lady in red, white and blue hot pants tells a mess of children. "You fixin' to hear the mayor speak if you don't get outta here." The oldest of the brood tosses a Coke cup into the blades of a raucous, 10-foot fan and the kids scatter, squealing.

Thompson, in blue-checked double knit, all smiles, takes the stage as Jamboree Chairman Charles Cook is saying, "Now let me point out the errors in your program. Where it says Youth Bank, now that's a typin' error. That should be Youth Band . . . ." Cook spies the mayor and begins the introduction. There are 28 adult listeners in the audience, six squirmy kids and an infant who has just peed down the front of her mother's hot pink halter. "He is known throughout the United States of America and across the seas, too," says Chairman Cook. "Ladies and gentlemen, the next governor of Georgia, Ronnie Thompson."

"I would like to tell you a little about Macon," Thompson says to the radio conventioneers. "About eight years ago organized crime started moving into this state, mainly through the Atlanta area. The criminal element was allowed to run rampant. We decided we were not going to put up with it. I called on the citizens band people all over middle Georgia." Thompson tells how he organized a volunteer police force with a thousand members. The Atlanta papers called it a vigilante squad. Thompson, offended, said he just wanted to keep his town safe from snipers.

"Crime in Macon was down 3 percent last year. We told our police to do their best to shoot armed robbers. The Justice Department got a little upset over that. You know, they worry about criminals." (Here he relaxes his formal speech pattern, abandoning the public speaking techniques he had learned from three quarters of higher education in his youth.) "I had told my police officers, 'Gentlemen, when you get out there shootin', shoot a white un, shoot a black un, shoot a white un, shoot a black un, shoot a white un, shoot a black un. Make sure we don't discriminate when we're shootin' our criminal element.' " The all-white audience howls.

It is time to present keys to the city to the more distinguished radio freaks. Thompson gives one to a fellow named Davis, whose code name on the airwaves is Canadian Reddog. Keys also go to Evelyn and Maurice Bouchet, better known as Crazy Horse and Minnehaha. The mayor also passes out anti-crime whistles to the women.

Chairman Cook takes the microphone to announce they have just formed a law and order radio band called Rebel Country Control. He presents a certificate to Thompson, naming him the official president of the National Organization of Rebel Control. "We'll be on call 24 hours a day to fight crime. Mayor, you will be Rebel Unit double-0 one."

Thompson gives a gracious thank you and steps out into the heat, heading back across the horse dung to his car. He is to speak in Atlanta in the evening; Columbus the following morning; Savannah the following night. He will vow at every stop to rid this state of criminals. If they were Creek Indians instead of cons, he would have them baptized. "That Ronnie," a CB Club vice-president said, watching the mayor leave, "he looks out for your best interests. Don't he now?" I heard the remark, looked at the fellow and drove back to Atlanta, thinking, as they used to say in the westerns in times of peril: "This rope's been cut!" ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY SLICK LAWSON

Rockefeller's checkbook: the early years

Dere Bobby,
Pleze com to
my houze to
play on Saturday
Your Friend
Nelsey

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
#36
Sept 24 19 13 1-12 210
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Bobby G. $4,700.
Four Thouzand Seven Hundred DOLLARS
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
Nelson A. Rockefeller
210-62738-0054

Dear Anna,
You are my
favorite baby sitter.
Thank you very
much for letting
me stay up until
ten o'clock last
week. Yourfriend
Nelsey

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
#691
July 20 19 16 1-12 210
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Anna Coyne $17,400.
Seventeen Thousand Four Hundred DOLLARS
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
Nelson A. Rockefeller
210-62738-0054

Dear Miss Winston
My book report on
The California Gold
Rush will be a
little late I think.
I need more
time.
Thank you,
Nelson R.

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
#3841
Nov 25 19 19 1-12 210
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Gail Winston $8,000.
Eight Thousand and ~~XX~~/100 DOLLARS
THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.
Nelson A. Rockefeller
210-62738-0054

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

#22,812

Jan. 6 19 23 1-12/210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Richard Lacey $20,000.

Twenty Thousand and ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ DOLLARS

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

210-62738-0054

Dear Coach Lacey—
I understand the school track team could use new track shorts. I hope this is useful.
Sincerely,
Nelson A. Rockefeller
P.S. I hope you meant what you said about the fourth spot on the relay team.

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

#41,003

May 4 19 25 1-12/210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Susan Wolfe $160,000.

One Hundred Sixty Thousand and ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ DOLLARS

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

210-62738-0054

Dear Susie,
Thank you for accepting my invitation to the prom. If the enclosed won't cover the cost of the corsage, let me know.
See you Saturday
Love,
Nelse

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

#78,741

April 30 19 26 1-12/210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Dartmouth College $2,200,000.

Two Million Two Hundred Thousand and ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ DOLLARS

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
POCANTICI HILLS
NORTH TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

210-62738-0054

Dear Sirs—
I hope this covers the fee of my application to Dartmouth.
Sincerely
Nelson A. Rockefeller

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
ROOM 102, CARLETON HALL
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

#135,15

Nov. 10 19 28 1-12/210

PAY TO THE ORDER OF Paul Blackman $200,000.0

Two Hundred Thousand and ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ DOLLAR

THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK
(TEMPORARY BRANCH)
ROOM 102, CARLETON HALL
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Nelson A. Rockefeller

210-62738-0054

Paul Blackma
Editor
Daily Dartmou

heya fella—
I think you will find the enclosed article detailin the character defects of my opponent in the Student Counc race worthy of publication in the Daily D. I trust the enclosed will cover the printing costs.
Sincerely, "Rocky"
The People's Choice

Pilgrim the Pusher

By Fred C. Shapiro

To some, he's the "Johnny Appleseed of cannabis"—that rare man of principle in an underground of hoods. In an interview, Pilgrim tells the story of his life as a dealer

"He's a poet, he's a picker, he's a prophet, he's a pusher."
—Kris Kristofferson's "The Pilgrim"

I should start by establishing my bias: I don't turn on. Several of my friends do, however, and perhaps because I don't consider drugs a moral issue but a matter of personal taste, I've been accepted into their company. They tell me about their trips and drug-related experiences, often at greater length than I care to hear. Recently, however, several of them, people from the Greenwich Village area, began raving about a new "super connection" they had made. "He's a kid—well, a boy in his early twenties—who trucks great hash and pot into town from time to time," a particularly trustworthy and normally stoic colleague bubbled. "You never know when, he just turns up with it. The product is cheap, clean and I'm sure it's as pure as it was when he came by it. If you're short, he lets you have it on credit, and I know of times when he's even given it away to guys really down on their luck. To hear the guy tell it, he's dealing primarily out of principle. I think he sees himself as the Johnny Appleseed of cannabis."

I expressed skepticism over my friend's concept of a charitable and principled pusher, but I said that if there were one, I'd like to meet him and report his story. Several weeks later, my friends' purveyor called and agreed readily enough to be interviewed, on the understandable condition that I conceal his identity, which I am glad to do for two reasons: The first is the normal journalistic one of protecting my source, who could get a 25-year minimum sentence in New York for doing what he's doing. My second reason is that I have no wish to give any pusher, no matter what his motive or ethics, an advertisement.

To set the record straight from the beginning, my friend turned out to be right that this particular pusher is freer with credit than any other I've met or even heard of. An informal survey among some of his other customers confirmed that he does, indeed, give away some of almost every sizable stash he obtains. Still, a Johnny Appleseed this guy ain't—and doesn't really claim to be. He makes a damn good profit, primarily from cannabis, and this at least intermittently supports his own untrammeled lifestyle and also gives him enough drugs to satisfy his own craving for—if not addiction to—the drugs he peddles. To characterize without identifying him, he reminds me of Kristofferson's Pilgrim, which is as good a name as any to call him.

Pilgrim's a tall, well-proportioned youth, a little older than his appearance suggests. He affects long hair and a modest beard "not because I'm a hippie or anything like that, but for protective coloration. In the world I move in, a clean-shaven, tie-and-jacket guy stands out, and the last thing I want to do is to call attention to myself." That being the case, my first question was why Pilgrim had invited a reporter—and a self-proclaimed "straight" at that—to the Village crash pad he shared with two girls and another man during his last appearance in New York. His answer was that his story, if objectively told, would help in the acceptance and legalization of drugs. "I think it's important that people understand the way we think and why we do what we do," he said. "Besides," he added, "it gives me a chance to analyze myself at the same time if I tell the whole story."

The discrepancy between Pilgrim

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

Fred Shapiro is on the staff of The New Yorker.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

the underground pusher and Pilgrim the political and public-relations strategist is not the only inconsistency that came through in the course of a long afternoon's interview—a monologue, really. Still, I did find credible even the more surreal of the stories he told me (like the time he smuggled hash in his sneakers into Russia just for his own kicks) even if they are unverifiable—except that the visa dates on his passport check out that he was where he was when he said he was.

If I am willing to accept Pilgrim's account of his life and life's work as accurate in the main, I am not so disposed when it comes to his understanding of either one. To hear him tell it, for instance, Pilgrim is pushing pot and hash and limited quantities of LSD (although he admits that for the most part any good acid he gets his hands on, he uses himself) as a public service. The soft drugs, he says, are beneficial, and he maintains that the government has no right to attempt to exclude them from the marketplace—particularly when tobacco and alcohol are licensed and freely sold. "Science has already proved what those two products do to the human system, and not what pot does. My only moral compunction, really, is that pushing makes me part of the capitalist society. The saving grace to that is that I deal only with my friends and the friends of my friends. I don't know of any other business where customers become trusted friends."

Pilgrim gets better than a 400 percent markup on Mexican pot, which he buys at the source for $90 to $125 a pound

From the facts which he himself supplies, however, Pilgrim hardly appears as altruistic as he—and even some of his customers—seem to think. Narcotics have, indeed, made a place in the capitalist society for him. Pilgrim gets better than a 400 percent markup on Mexican pot, which he buys at the source or as close to it as he can get, for $90 to $125 a pound, depending on quality. Jamaican cannabis, which is better, he pays $135 to $165 for—when it is to be found. After cleaning it carefully (as a self-described "student of nutrition," Pilgrim feels a responsibility to his customers to provide a pure product, and my friends tell me his stuff is as clean as any they have ever been able to buy), he sells each ounce—from which up to 50 joints can be rolled—for $30 or $35. Hash-ish—"I call that my gourmet item"—he buys in smaller quantity, at the rate of $1,000 to $1,200 per pound, and sells at a similar markup on the street. "But I try to operate like doctors are supposed to," Pilgrim says. "If I know a guy has the money and is making good bread, well, I'll probably charge him whatever the market will bear. On the other hand, if I know a guy is short, I'll sell it for less, down to what it costs me."

And what about his vaunted charity? "That, too, is a function of friendship," Pilgrim said. "Because my customers are all my friends, I don't see that giving them drugs once in a while is really charity, like a donation to the Red Cross, for instance. If I like a guy enough personally to deal with him, well, what the hell, I feel I ought to be able to trust him if he's short, and sometimes, if I feel good enough about it, I may even give my friends some of what I have, as, by the way, many of them have helped me out sometimes when I've been short in the past." When he comes right down to it, though, Pilgrim concedes that his charity is just as much a function of inventory as it is of friendship. "It's like anything else. When you've got a lot of it, you don't mind spreading it around; when it starts running out, though, you're not so generous."

Pilgrim is, however, proud (and perhaps by the comparative standards of drug peddlers, he has reason to be) of the ethical principles by which he transacts business. "I don't deal anything that I feel is physically harmful; that's why I never sold speed and never will. My rule is not to touch drugs that make a user less sensitive. On the other hand, I think I've done well by my friends to open the way for them to see beyond their consciousnesses, and I have felt good about selling them what I consider pure, high quality drugs compared to some I see around."

Like any good salesman, Pilgrim has a facility for pointing up the flaws of competitive products and for trumpeting claims for his own line: "Cannabis works on our emotion and gives more depth to them. For instance, if I'm doing a chore and I smoke a joint, I'll instantly develop a sense of humor about what it is I'm doing. I think pot makes you more aware of everything you're doing, in fact, because you know you're high and you can funnel your attention to the job at hand. It focuses your concentration, really, so it can help you in driving and in sex and things like that."

How about the habit-forming aspects even of soft drugs, I asked Pilgrim. How many people has he turned on, even only to pot, who have gone on to hard-core addiction? "I've been dealing for more than seven years now, really," he said, "and in all that time, I know of only two guys I introduced to pot who went on to get hooked. I don't feel responsible for them, though, because I know that if it wasn't me who sold them their first joints, it would have been somebody else. It saddened me, because I knew and liked these guys, that they became junkies, but I don't really feel I did it to them because the need was inside them all along, and if I

hadn't been the seller, then somebody else would have been." And all the other people he's dealt to in that time, how has it affected their lives? Pilgrim shrugged. "I don't think it's been a determining factor for any of them," he said. "Why don't you go ask a bartender what he's done to the lives of all the people he's sold drinks to?"

At least when we first began to talk about it, Pilgrim also disparaged another conventional theory about drugs, maintaining that his experience hadn't shown that pot, or anything else he sold, cuts down even a regular user's ambition or drive. In that respect, however, he conceded before we parted that his own life story represented a refutation of his argument—and incidentally, a lousy ad for his line. By all accounts (including his own), Pilgrim, the only son of upper-middle-class Manhattan parents, was a bright and reasonably ambitious teenager whose school marks abruptly plunged after he was first turned on to pot at a summer camp when he was 14. "It fascinated me from the beginning. I have difficulty saying why to this day. All I can tell you, if you haven't tried it for yourself, is that it worked on my emotions and gave them—the good and the bad—more depth. It still has that effect on me today." It also had the effect of ending Pilgrim's academic career—he flunked out during his junior year at a private high school and wound up with a diploma from night school.

Outside of school, Pilgrim also had a career of a sort as an assistant and apprentice to a photographer. (He showed me some of his shots from that period; to an untrained eye, they looked pretty good.) That lasted until he turned on to LSD when he was 19. "Until then, I was very against acid, just from the kind of scare stories we all had heard. I got more curious about it, though, after I tried mescaline and that worked all right. That first acid trip changed the course of my life. I sort of perceived the world in new terms, which gave me a lot to think about. I decided I didn't want to compete any more, even to be better than anybody else in photography."

Pilgrim may have given up on competing, as he said, but he still had to eat—and more important to him, to cater to his old and new drug tastes. By that time, his mother had died and he was living apart from his father. So the logical conclusion, as he saw it, was to go into the drug business. Actually, even by then, he was sort of a semipro pusher. "I began dealing when I was still working for the photographer," Pilgrim recalled. "I was spending all the money I made on pot, and it didn't seem to make much sense to blow it all out on $15 and $20 chunks for an ounce of the stuff (prices for grass, like everything else, were cheaper in 1969) when I could put out $90 or $100, and buy a pound, sell enough to pay expenses and smoke up the rest.

"I did my dealing secretly at first. The photographer I worked for was kind of afraid something might happen. I got to know the models who came in and out pretty well, though, and they were my first customers, and then there were the friends of the models—I started dealing that way instinctively, and that's how I've always worked. I've never sold to a stranger. If I don't know you, you have to come pretty well recommended by somebody I do know. Of course, when you start dealing with someone, it turns out that he or she has a friend, too. I guess I had twenty or twenty-five regular customers when I was only 17."

With expansion and increased profits—"I was making more than $100 a week to supplement my pay from the photographer, plus having all the grass I wanted to smoke"—Pilgrim got a little bolder. He bought a motorcycle: "I got a kick out of running the only pot delivery service in town. I'd get a call from somebody in the middle of the night and run the grass over. Lucky for me, the only time I got hassled by the cops on the bike—they pulled me over for not wearing a helmet and searched me—was on a return trip when I was clean."

Word spread around the Village about Pilgrim's new affluence and lifestyle, and he considered it politic to tell his family what he was doing before they found it out themselves: "My father wasn't upset, probably, I guess, because some of his favorite stories are about the time when he was 14 and worked in a drugstore and bootlegged alcohol. But my sister, with whom I was living then, did worry about it. She said she wasn't against pot morally but was afraid of getting busted, so she stopped me from keeping the stuff at home and dealing out of the house."

Pilgrim got both his stash and himself out of his sister's house—and a good

deal farther. With the profits from his expanding business, he flew abroad for the first time when he was 20. "I had planned to go only as far as Turkey, but in Istanbul, I met a friend from just down the block in my old neighborhood, and he said, 'Come on, let's go to Afghanistan. They have mountains there, and hash is just about legal.' It was a fantastic trip, and in Teheran, I tried out heroin for the first time, snorting it. The sensation's sort of pleasant after you throw up.

"Anyhow, from Teheran, we picked up some hash and my friend and I smuggled it into Russia on the train. We got the hell scared out of us at the border, though. That was kind of funny; I had the hash in my sneakers, and suddenly guards boarded the train and started searching everybody in our car. I thought that was the ball game at first, until it turned out that what they were looking for was pornography. By the time they got to us, they saw we weren't nervous, so they didn't even search us, and that's how I came to smoke hash in Moscow."

Pilgrim came back to America in September of 1970 and headed for Washington State. "I had met a fellow in Afghanistan who had a farm there. I picked apples for a while and lived in a commune. That was a whole different sort of trip, and then I tried Mexico for a few months, and finally landed in Tempe, Arizona, which was a pretty good town for me with the students from the state university." In Tempe Pilgrim worked at a fruit-packing plant for a while to save up a stake, and when he came back to New York in 1971, it was with five pounds of hash in his knapsack and a $150 unlimited bus ticket in his pocket. A few happy, smoke-filled weeks later, he was on the way to Tempe again, this time with enough cash to buy eight pounds of hash. From that point on, Pilgrim was more than just a pusher. He had become, in the jargon of the narcotics trade, a "mule," shuttling back and forth between the consumers in New York and the cannabis sources in Tempe or in Sarasota, Florida, where he later made a connection for Jamaican pot.

"Muling" may not be particularly burdensome work, but it can be risky, if not from the law, then from bandits. Since he's been dealing, Pilgrim has been ripped off twice. The first time, when he was just starting to push, he was suckered into a phony buy that was supposed to take place in the Greenwich Hotel, a seedy and run-down Village landmark. When he got up to the cubicle where the deal was supposed to take place, Pilgrim found himself facing two men with knives who took his $330 buy money. "That taught me a lesson. I'm very careful where I go now when I'm ready to buy. I don't let myself get into a mousetrap." The second ripoff had nothing to do with drugs, except that Pilgrim, who was hitchhiking in San Francisco between runs, lost a chunk of his buy money. "Two guys picked me up, and as we started off, they asked if I was a cop. My mistake was in denying it; when I convinced them I wasn't the law, the guy who wasnt driving turned around in the front seat and sprayed me right in the face with Mace. While I was coughing and trying to breathe, they went through my pockets and my pack, got the money and dumped me out." In all, Pilgrim lost $950, but he recovered $650 which had been in traveler's checks. Pilgrim doesn't hitchhike very often anymore, and when he sets out to make a buy, he carries his entire stake, less a few dollars for on-the-road expenses in traveler's checks. Pilgrim also reminisced nervously about a friend and colleague who was killed recently in an apparent ripoff. "He was flying over the border with two other guys to make a Mexican connection, and the way the cops pieced it together later, one of the three tried to hold up the other two. A fight started, the plane went out of control and crashed and all of them were killed."

"Why don't you go ask a bartender what he's done to the lives of all the people he's sold drinks to?"

In the long run, though, nobody rips off Pilgrim, the pusher and mule, more consistently than Pilgrim, the hashhead and self-proclaimed "hedonist." Rather than pyramid his profits from transaction to transaction until he is able to make that "one last connection" he sometimes mentions, Pilgrim lazes around between his runs, sometimes even smoking up his buy money. To get stakes to get back in business, therefore, he has, in recent years, thinned lettuce in Arizona, scraped rust from the hold of a ship in New Orleans, washed dishes in a Norwegian restaurant and driven a cab in New York City. When I last saw him, he had just finished up on this last job and with $2,400 saved up, he was ready to take off west again: "I've got to get out of town with this money before I blow it again."

I asked Pilgrim if he ever saw an end to dealing. "I'm telling myself now that the whole scene is getting tough, that it's too big a risk. Like everybody else I've met in the business, I'm dreaming of that one big deal, one that will give me enough so that I don't have to—or even want to—push any more. Between the ripoffs and the law, I guess I'm beginning to feel the deterrent effect that people talk about. I know that I value my freedom more than anything else, and it would kill me to lose it. I am less frightened by the narcs, though—I think I know by now how cops work and what I have to look out for—than I am by the junkies I've had to deal with lately. I've come to understand the world of junkies, and I know they'll stop at nothing."

Hey, I asked Pilgrim, I thought you told me a few hours ago that one of the things you liked about your business was that it enabled you to deal only with your friends. What happened to all that good drug fellowship you were talking about? "And I thought I told you," he said with a trace of a smile, "that one reason I was doing this interview was to analyze myself."

And what had come through from this analysis, I asked Pilgrim. "I don't much like the way I come up sounding so middle class," he said. "I never realized it before, but I sit here and listen to what I'm saying, and I hear words like inventory and markup, and I think this isn't what I want to do."

What did he want to do then, I asked him. "I want to go somewhere and get a farm," he said. "Maybe in South America where I can get away from the whole thing, and then if I still want to smoke pot, well, I can grow a couple of plants for myself, and that would be enough. Maybe I could outgrow cannabis. Maybe if I were doing something creative and productive, I wouldn't need it much."

Pilgrim asked me if I saw any realistic chance that his dream would come true. Less, I said, than that his other dream would—that cannabis would eventually be legalized—and then, I said, the future I saw for him was a seat on the Commodities Exchange, weekdays, 10:00 to 3:30, specializing in grass and hemp futures. "Not me," he said. "They'll never catch me in that kind of trap. Already I sometimes think that the only reason I put up with the whole damn routine—and those bus rides can be really ball busters—is the excitement of being in an illegal enterprise. As dealing gets more accepted, I get closer to quitting it. I keep telling myself that all I need to break free is that one last connection. The trouble, though," he conceded just before we shook hands and said goodbye, "is that there never seems to be a last connection." ●

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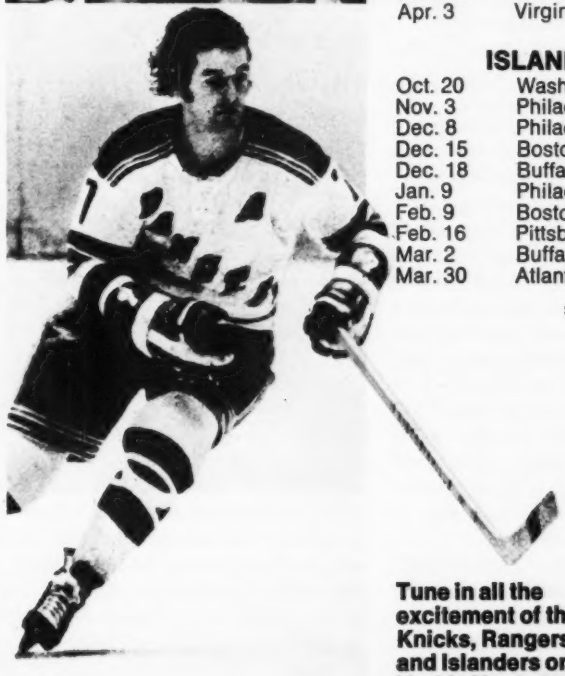
Oct. 24	Buffalo	8 PM
Oct. 30	Washington	8 PM
Nov. 5	Houston	9 PM
Nov. 8	Los Angeles	11 PM
Nov. 9	Golden State	11 PM
Nov. 12	Portland	11 PM
Nov. 21	Atlanta	8 PM
Nov. 29	Boston	8 PM
Dec. 6	Philadelphia	8 PM
Dec. 13	Buffalo	8 PM
Dec. 26	Detroit	8 PM
Dec. 29	Milwaukee	9 PM
Jan. 7	Portland	11 PM
Jan. 9	Golden State	10:30 PM
Jan. 17	Kansas City	8:30 PM
Jan. 18	Chicago	8:30 PM
Jan. 23	Cleveland	8 PM
Jan. 24	Buffalo	8 PM
Jan. 29	Philadelphia	8 PM
Feb. 2	New Orleans	8:30 PM
Feb. 11	Chicago	8:30 PM
Feb. 19	Detroit	8 PM
Feb. 26	Boston	8 PM
Feb. 28	Buffalo	8 PM
Mar. 16	Seattle	6 PM
Mar. 18	Los Angeles	11 PM
Mar. 19	Phoenix	10:30 PM
Mar. 26	Philadelphia	8 PM
Mar. 28	New Orleans	8:30 PM
Apr. 4	Milwaukee	9 PM

RANGERS vs.

Oct. 12	Toronto	8 PM
Oct. 26	Pittsburgh	7:30 PM
Oct. 31	Philadelphia	8 PM
Nov. 5	Vancouver	11 PM
Nov. 6	California	11 PM
Nov. 16	Montreal	8 PM
Nov. 20	Detroit	8 PM
Dec. 7	Chicago	8:30 PM
Dec. 12	Washington	8 PM
Dec. 14	St. Louis	9 PM
Dec. 19	Boston	8 PM
Dec. 30	Minnesota	9 PM
Jan. 8	Kansas City	8:30 PM
Jan. 11	St. Louis	9 PM
Jan. 12	Chicago	8:30 PM
Jan. 15	Minnesota	9 PM
Jan. 25	Pittsburgh	7:30 PM
Jan. 30	Buffalo	8 PM
Feb. 1	Chicago	8:30 PM
Feb. 6	Philadelphia	8 PM
Feb. 8	Montreal	8 PM
Feb. 15	Minnesota	9 PM
Feb. 18	Kansas City	8:30 PM
Feb. 22	Toronto	8 PM
Mar. 7	Kansas City	9 PM
Mar. 11	Boston	8 PM
Mar. 14	Atlanta	8 PM
Mar. 20	Buffalo	8 PM
Mar. 22	Detroit	7:30 PM
Apr. 3	Philadelphia	8 PM



NETS vs.

Oct. 19	Denver	9:30 PM
Oct. 27	St. Louis	9 PM
Oct. 29	Denver	9:30 PM
Nov. 8	Memphis	8:45 PM
Nov. 9	Kentucky	8:30 PM
Nov. 13	Kentucky	8:30 PM
Nov. 14	Memphis	9 PM
Nov. 15	Utah	9:30 PM
Nov. 23	Indiana	8:30 PM
Dec. 21	Indiana	8:30 PM
Dec. 28	Memphis	9 PM
Jan. 4	Virginia	8 PM
Feb. 3	Utah	9:30 PM
Feb. 5	San Diego	11 PM
Feb. 6	St. Louis	10:30 PM
Feb. 14	San Diego	11 PM
Feb. 16	Denver	4:30 PM
Feb. 19	San Antonio	10:15 PM
Feb. 24	Utah	9:30 PM
Feb. 26	Denver	10:15 PM
Mar. 1	Kentucky	8:30 PM
Mar. 2	Memphis	3 PM
Mar. 4	St. Louis	9 PM
Mar. 5	San Antonio	8:30 PM
Mar. 8	Kentucky	8:30 PM
Mar. 12	St. Louis	9 PM
Mar. 13	San Antonio	8:30 PM
Mar. 19	Indiana	8:30 PM
Mar. 29	Kentucky	8:30 PM
Apr. 3	Virginia	10:30 PM

ISLANDERS vs.

Oct. 20	Washington	8 PM
Nov. 3	Philadelphia	8 PM
Dec. 8	Philadelphia	8 PM
Dec. 15	Boston	8 PM
Dec. 18	Buffalo	8 PM
Jan. 9	Philadelphia	8 PM
Feb. 9	Boston	8 PM
Feb. 16	Pittsburgh	8 PM
Mar. 2	Buffalo	8 PM
Mar. 30	Atlanta	8 PM

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9
WOR-TV
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Capt. Sticky and the war against evil

Los Angeles, Calif.—Richard Pesta, 29-year-old millionaire ex-industrialist, wrestled his 6-foot-1 inch, 325 pound body into the phone booth behind Leonard's Car Wash. He was wearing a garish Hawaiian shirt over Levi jeans and carried a yellow tote bag and purple football helmet speckled with glitter. Exactly 109 seconds later, substantially over the one minute he'd promised, out lurched Captain Sticky, Supreme Commander in Chief in the War Against Evil.

Dressed in a bright blue jumpsuit with a shiny gold "S" on the chest, gold boots, gold belt, flowing gold cape and, of course, the speckled helmet, the corpulent Clark Kent was ready for his first official raid on evil. "Greetings from out of the 21st century," he bellowed. "Onward and upward to a better and stronger America!" And as a dozen supporters and staff members cheered, he climbed into his freshly scrubbed Mark IV Lincoln Continental armed with twin radar domes and six peanut butter and jelly laser guns and shouted a command to follow the leader—"That's me!"—and strike a blow for Truth, Justice and the American Way.

On the surface, Sticky's superhero comic-book act seemed no more than a fractured put-on. But underneath was actually phase two of a carefully orchestrated attack on an Orange County den of iniquity. You see, Capt. Sticky is for real. According to trusted Sticky spies and one inside informer, a giant batch of evil was definitely lurking in an Anaheim senior citizen housing complex not far from Disneyland. Only after a solid week of investigation had convinced both Sticky and his attorneys that a raid was warranted did he call in the media and polish up the Stickmobile.

"You're just after publicity," taunted a TV soundman as the chief posed in front of the housing complex with 73-year-old Gertrude Roberts, who had written a letter asking Captain Sticky's assistance. Yes, Sticky was indeed after publicity.

Besides delaying the threatened eviction of at least one elderly resident and providing the first blitz press coverage for Sticky's World Organization Against Evil (WOE), the raid did much to reveal the seriousness behind the hilarious facade. WOE attorneys, it turns out, have filed a $3 million civil suit against managers of the housing complex, charging that residents are victims of fraud, mismanagement, harassment, retaliatory eviction, intentional infliction of mental distress and battery.

In addition, the U. S. Post Office, FBI, SEC, IRS and the California Corporations Commission have acted on information supplied by Captain Sticky and have launched investigations into what could ultimately prove to be a nationwide scandal.

Soon after, the chief launched raid number two. This one was against a Newport Beach convalescent home, where the night supervisor complained of being forced to tie patients in wheelchairs and administer sedatives without prescription, often leaving them to sit all day in their own body wastes. The charges included beatings administered to elderly patients by staff members, one scalding in a whirlpool bath and two deaths under mysterious circumstances. WOE staffers are also investigating charges of a multimillion-dollar fraud by officials within the gargantuan bureaucracy called the Los Angeles County Department of Health.

"I used to make speeches when I was in business," says Pesta, who made a

million dollars in fiberglass before his transformation into a Falstaffian Ralph Nader. "I'd talk about corporate responsibility in the local community and people would smile quietly. I'd wear a pin-striped suit and on my way out they'd shake my hand and blow cigar smoke in my face. It's surprising how things change when you put on a gold cape with epaulets."

Today, however, Captain Sticky says he's low on funds, having financed several months of WOE from the sale of his businesses. But hope blossoms eternal in the Sticky camp, as the chief is intent on using a peculiar brand of People's Capitalism to finance his War Against Evil. Already Captain Sticky has been immortalized by a first edition of 25,000 comic books and as many T-shirts emblazoned with the Sticky image.

As soon as national sales begin booming, plans include the purchase of a blimp, painted gold and powered by a Volkswagen engine. And a vintage Sherman tank aboard a flatbed truck. Then, in addition to cruising the freeways in his Stickmobile, the chief can fly coast to coast in search of Evil and embarrass petty bureaucrats with a peanut butter and jelly shooting tank.

Meanwhile, Captain Sticky is busy spreading his motto to the masses: Fink on a Crook!

—By Paul Cabbell

The torch passes to a new generation

Newark, N.J.—The looting of the Foodtown market on 7th Avenue, across the street from the mostly Hispanic Columbus Homes development, was a smooth operation. Meat, dairy products, armfuls of unfamiliar-looking fruits and vegetables like *yuca* and *plantanos* went first. Only then was it time for the packaged stuff, in unopened cases yet, especially various brands of rice and apparently the entire line of Goya canned goods, from tripe and pumpkin stew to black beans. Looters formed lines and passed the stuff out into the street like they were in a bucket brigade fighting a fire, instead of operating under the cover of one. This was a very calm, very professional piece of pillage. Visually, looting comes off very much like slightly rushed shopping.

"Of course they're cool," an off-duty cop wearing a shoulder holster over his Mets T-shirt says on the sidewalk in front of nearby St. Lucy's Church, which, along with fellow off-duty cops, he's guarding after somebody lobbed a firebomb into the rec room of the convent. "After all, the fuckers have had a lot of practice. With all the racial trouble we've had in this city since 1967, they should be perfect at this shit by now."

Only in Newark, of all American cities, are so many "practice sessions," both pre-skedded and spontaneous, held. Life here is like looking down the rusty barrel of a loaded gun; you never know *if*, let alone when, the damn thing might go off. One racial problem in Newark fades violently into another like a well-edited but episodic exploitation movie. A conflict over the behavior of black students in the white stronghold of Vailsburg High bleeds (literally) into black and white students fighting it out at the site of the disputed Kawaida Towers development sponsored by black nationalists, which in turn leads to a takeover by demonstrators of a City Council meeting held to discuss Kawaida Towers, which in its turn sparks a drive by black nationalists for new Council candidates who'll prove "more sensitive to the community" . . . and so it goes right up to today in Newark.

Basically, Newark has never pushed into the supposedly racially mellow 70s. Granted, the cops clubbing Puerto Ricans downtown after a rally on the City Hall steps all look good, show a particularly polished technique on the downward head stroke. But according to the black spectators nearby in front of an abandoned Ford dealership, who incidentally have no intention of joining the people yelling "Brothers!" at them, these exact same cops sharpened their skills upon *their* heads back in the riots of 1967. "It's about time the Spics learned what it was like back in the good old days," one black man adds to a chorus of "right ons."

Even Kenneth Gibson, the first black mayor of America's first black-majority city, provided fodder for nostalgic racial riot buffs with his conduct this Labor Day week. Although clearly photographed leaning out a City Hall window during the demonstration that preceded the police clubbings, Gibson later stated, in the best traditions of Chicago's Mayor Daley, that he didn't see any violence because he was busy working in his office.

The most reminiscent moments this September, however, occur up in the heavily Italian neighborhoods of the same North Ward where Hispanics have looted Foodtown. Once more, as before in 1967, tight knots of men are gathered on street corners, imagining themselves thereby to be protecting their homes and families from race war. And again they're openly, heavily armed and speak admiringly of how Newark's own Tony Imperiale says police should "shoot to kill" at looters.

One major difference from 1967 is that then Tony Imperiale was a political nobody who obviously and desperately wanted to be somebody. Now he's an independent state senator in the Jersey legislature who just as obviously enjoys how desperately both Republicans and Democrats vie for his vote.

Yet there's a final reminder that in Newark racial violence never really burns itself out as it does in other cities. St. Lucy's Church, where the convent was firebombed, is an Italian-run parish in the shadow of a Hispanic public housing hellhole. It's also still the yearly site of a feast to a local patron saint that is stubbornly run there despite declining receipts and attendance and frequent Hispanic-Italian racial incidents. "Just wait until the feast of St. Gerard of Caposele this October," a man says almost eagerly on N. 7th Street, "because that's when the *really* heavy shit might finally go down." It's as if nobody learned a damn thing from seven straight years of racial conflict in Newark except how to keep it up.

—By Richard R. Szathmary

In one small pocket of Middle America, the teenagers took the theatrics of gore all too seriously, and the band could not play on

Alice Cooper's show stopper

By Bob Greene

In order to get a look at the world of big-time rock and roll from the inside, Chicago Sun-Times *columnist Bob Greene joined the Alice Cooper band as a performing member last winter. Greene recorded background vocals on a Cooper album, and went on tour to play a role in the encore of the violent, gory Cooper stage show each night. In this excerpt from Greene's new book,* Billion Dollar Baby, *the Alice Cooper traveling entourage has performed in Ann Arbor, Michigan, the previous night, and is setting out for a concert date in Toledo, Ohio.*

When it was over, there was nothing to say. No questions, really. Only the obvious, unanswered ones: Why had it taken this long to happen? Why had it never happened before?

The day started quietly enough. Toledo had not even been listed on our original itinerary; it had been added after the tour had started by Jon Podell, the New York booking agent who arranged the Cooper road schedule. We had an open date after Ann Arbor, Toledo was just down the road and it seemed like an easy way to pick up some loose money. So Toledo was plugged into the Holiday Tour.

It was snowing when we left the motel in Ann Arbor. Since the trip to Toledo was too short to use the Starship, we were driving over. There were limousines and cars available, but just about everyone decided to take the chartered bus. Performers, roadies and managers alike—we all felt like a 1940s Big Band, riding together over the barren landscape of northwestern Ohio.

Rebecca Segal, the tour secretary, walked up and down the aisle of the bus, handing out financial ledgers to the officers of the corporation—i.e., the group members: Alice, guitarist Michael Bruce, bass player Dennis Dunaway and guitarist Glen Buxton. Dennis broke

Billion Dollar Baby *will be published by Atheneum in early November.*

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ILLUSTRATED BY BILL NELSON

his cassette player, and we listened to old Beatles and Jefferson Airplane tapes as we rode.

The Cooper travelers were vastly amused at the quaintness of the Ohio countryside. We entered the outskirts of Toledo, a grey, industrial area, and passed some sprawling, low-slung factories with heavy smoke fouling the air. Susie Aaron, Glen's girlfriend, looked out at the bleak surroundings and said, "Why are we going here? Where's Jonny Podell?"

"Probably in Florida spending his cut of our tour money," someone said from the back of the bus.

"We'll have to wait until the end of the tour to crucify him, then," Susie said.

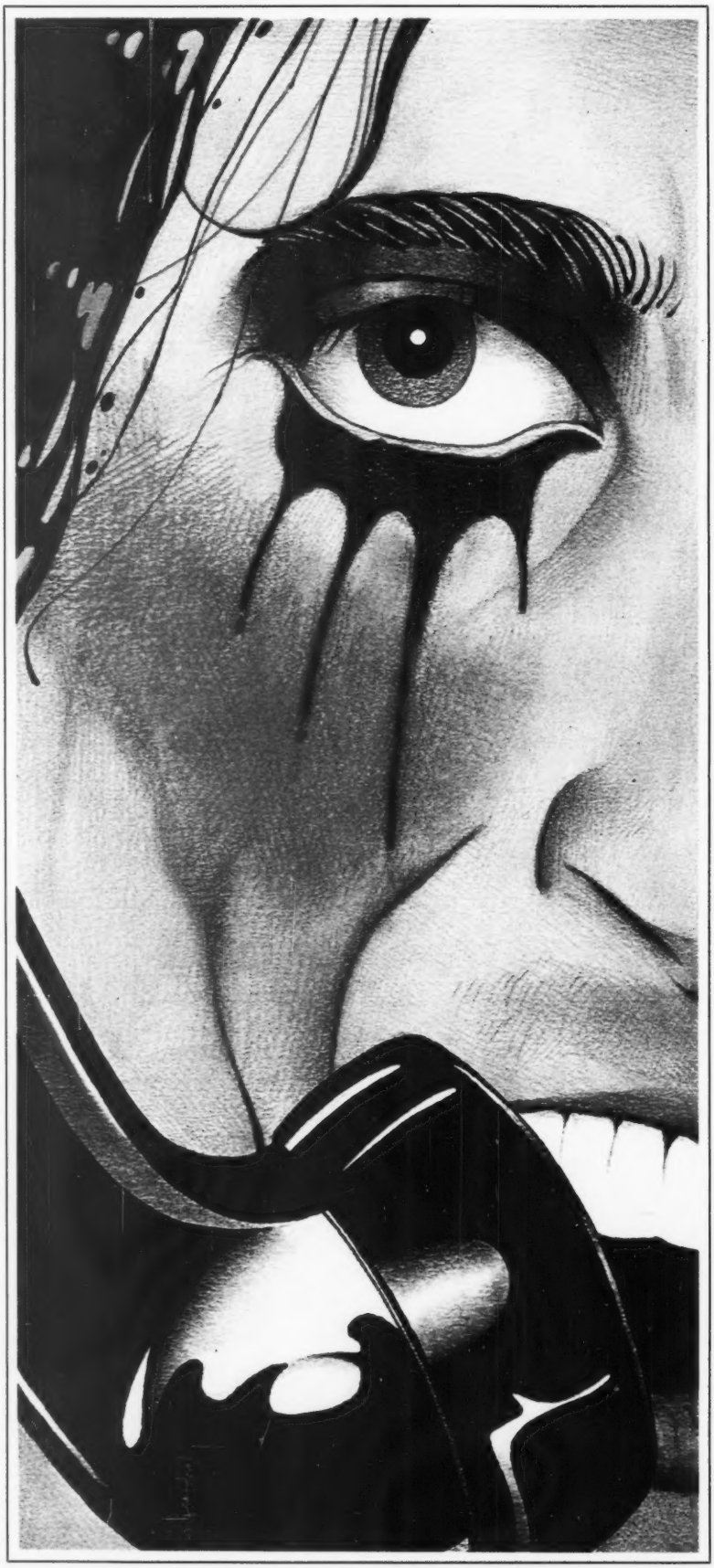
"God, look out there," Glen said. "Real Archie Bunker country."

We drove into downtown Toledo. It was apparent that no one on the bus wanted to be here. "If the Lord ever wanted to give the world an enema, this is where He'd stick the goddamn nozzle," David Libert said. Libert, 30, was road manager for the Cooper group. At one time he had been a singer himself, with a group called The Happenings; now his job was to herd the Cooper band from city to city.

After a few wrong turns, we arrived at the Holiday Inn. We headed directly for our rooms: the weather was nasty, and no one was up for sightseeing in the Toledo business district. Everyone wanted only to kill the afternoon, get the show over with and move on to Canada. No one guessed that this night was to be the one when the chickens came home to roost. That here, in the middle of the country, the Alice Cooper audience would let the band know that there is a price to be paid for building yourself into a vicious, demented legend. On this night, the Alice Cooper band would find out that Starships and limousines and talk of golf matches with Bob Hope and Spiro Agnew were all very fine—but that somewhere, in one small pocket of America, the teenagers did not understand rock and roll put-ons, did not understand the theatrics of gore.

Our caravan was four cars long as we moved through the gathering snowstorm and across the Cherry Street Bridge toward the Toledo Sports Arena. The night was blustery and wet. There had been some confusion at the Holiday Inn, and the motorcade had started without an official go-ahead from Libert. But everyone was so anxious to get this show out of the way that we kept on driving, and assumed that everything at the hall would be ready when we arrived.

I was in a limousine with Alice, Neal and Norm Klein, Alice's squat, mus-



cular, shaved-headed bodyguard. Alice's girlfriend, Cindy Lang, had joined the tour, but she had decided against coming to the show and had stayed back at the hotel. Shep Gordon, the band's 28-year-old manager and master tactician behind the phenomenal Alice Cooper success story, wasn't here, either; this was only an 8,000-capacity house, and the next night we were due to perform in front of 17,000 in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, so he was up in Canada, making final arrangements there.

We turned into the Sports Arena parking lot. It was 8:20 p.m., and much of the audience was still arriving. The Sports Arena was an ugly, lumpy little cement barn, ancient and dismal in comparison to the modern civic coliseums where we had been playing. From the outside, it looked like a crumbling boxing club. Our driver turned left once he got inside the parking lot.

"I don't think this is right," said Alice, in the back seat.

But it was too late. The other three cars in our group were following us. We drove on for perhaps 30 yards—and stopped when we got to the bank of the filthy Maumee River. We were at the dead end of a single lane leading through the general parking area. Behind us, other incoming traffic had blocked us in.

"Eight twenty-three in Toledo, and right now, ZZ Top should be on stage over in the Sports Arena!" said the disk jockey's voice on the car radio. "And then, of course, the concert everyone's been waiting for—the big Alice Cooper Show!"

"Damn," said the limousine driver. He climbed out and began motioning for the cars behind us to back up. The horns started immediately: the drivers of the other cars were anxious to get the few remaining parking spaces and did not want to move for our Cadillacs. So it took 10 minutes before the four cars in our group had managed to back out and to swing around toward the stage door.

But when we got there, we found that the pathway to the stage entrance was blocked by still more parked cars. We were a good 50 yards away. Libert came running up from the second limousine and pounded on our driver's window.

"*Never* leave the hotel until I tell you!" Libert said. "Do you understand that? Never! Turn around and go back to the hotel again, and you stay there until I tell you!"

"That's stupid," Alice said. "Why should we go back to the hotel?"

"Because we're blocked here, we can't drive into the arena," Libert said.

"Fuck that," Neal Smith said. "I'm walking. I'm just going to walk in."

The snow was turning Libert's hair white. He leaned down so that Neal could see him. "There's a couple hundred kids around the stage door," Libert said. "You'll never make it."

Alice pulled a hat down over the front of his face. "I'm not going back to the hotel," he said.

Libert curled his hands into fists.

"Alice, I think David is serious," Norm Klein said.

"I have high boots on," Neal said. "Get some cops to help us. We can walk in. The snow's not that high."

"It's all mud," Libert said.

"Does anyone have a hard object?" Norm said. "I can break some of those car windows and push those two cars over there out of the way. They're both older models, you can do that. Then we can drive on through."

"This is so stupid," Alice said.

At the Sports Arena, the crowd was still waiting and chanting in the darkness. On the phone in the hotel lobby, Alice was saying, "But Shep, I'm afraid to go out there . . . they were throwing bombs"

"Wait here," Libert said. "Please. Nobody try walking until I get back."

Five minutes passed. Libert returned. "All right," he said. "I got the cops to clear the doorway. Everyone together now, let's go. They're going to tow some cars later, so the limos can get inside then. Right now we're going to walk it."

Alice and I began to walk through the mud, toward what we thought was the stage door. But we were going the wrong way, and within a minute we were alone, in the middle of a vast, dark clump of parked cars. We had lost the others. "Hold on," Alice said. "I think we're going toward the river again." Even Norm Klein had managed to stray away from us. We got our bearings, headed for the arena once more and walked together toward the stage door. The crowd had been dispersed, and we were by ourselves as we came into the arena.

There was no dressing room for us, only a curtained-off area with a dirty cement floor and a few tubs of iced drinks. This was perhaps 30 yards behind the stage, and it was unheated, so cold that no one bothered to remove his overcoat. ZZ Top was finishing up as Alice and I pushed the curtains aside to find the rest of the band muttering about the accommodations.

Alice was in a cheery mood, however. He sat down, broke out the playing cards and began to look for a Crazy Eights partner. He found Tom Davies, a young reporter for the Toledo *Blade* who had come backstage with his wife, Betty Jean. Alice offered Davies a beer and started to throw one-liners his way. Davies smiled; he had lucked into an easy feature story, before the concert even started.

I walked out to examine the crowd. The moment I stepped onto the stage, I sensed that something was wrong. "Take a look at this," said Mike Roswell, a Cooper management assistant who was on the tour tonight in Shep Gordon's absence. "It's gonna be nasty tonight."

The audience was unlike any other I had seen on the road. While in the other cities the fans had been exuberant and excited in the final minutes before we came on stage, tonight it was different. The Toledo crowd had the look of a reform school convention. These were tough kids, and there was not a glimmer of pleasantness or obvious intelligence in the faces I could see. On a normal night, as the roadies and managers and I would stand on the stage before the show, the people in the first few rows would smile and wave to us, perhaps toss a frisbee or ask for an autograph. Tonight, though, there were no smiles. Just sullen, hostile stares. No shouting; the hall was almost silent as the somber young faces, many of them open-mouthed and wide-eyed, glared at us.

The setup of the arena didn't help any. Bob Bageris, the promoter of the show, had arranged for "festival seating"—a term that sounds joyous and lighthearted, but in fact stands for one of the cruelest, most depressing aspects of rock and roll. Festival seating means that there are no chairs at all on the floor level of the hall, and no reserved tickets. It is used in places where there is a relatively small audience capacity, and its purpose is to squeeze as much money out of the arena as possible. First come, first served is the rule, and the entire main floor of the arena is given over to people whose sole concern is to smash their way to the front of the hall. On a normal tour night, there was an ugly crush at the front, just in the small area between the first row of seats and the barricades; with festival seating, this was multiplied by a thousand. On this night, the hall was dark and muggy, and there

were random, bloody fist fights all along the first 10 or 20 rows, as the strongest of the teenagers in the crowd mauled their way forward.

Norm Klein was pacing furiously. "That fucking Bageris!" he said. "There's no security at all in this building! I'm going to have to earn my pay tonight, boy. Look over there."

I glanced off the side of the stage. There, on the floor, screaming as if insane, a pimple-faced young man in his early 20s was gesturing wildly at two Toledo policemen. "Fucking pigs!" he said. "Fucking little pigs!" The young man appeared to be brain-damaged. He had long, greasy blond hair, and his eyes were absolutely dull.

Up higher to the side of the stage, where there were some permanent seats, I saw two boys position themselves so that they were exactly parallel to the places where the performers would stand. Both boys carried heavy poles, approximately the size and weight of baseball bats. They were within leaping distance of the stage, and there were no security men between them and us.

Even the groupies were different tonight. They seemed almost angry. The ones near the back of the stage neither flirted nor talked. They just walked up to some of our roadies, threw their arms around them and began to kiss them—then just as suddenly broke off, turned their backs and walked away.

I looked again toward the main audience. I saw a girl shouting at me; I was already wearing my earplugs, and I could not make out what she was saying. I pulled the plugs out. "A boy's sick!" she cried. "Please get some help!" Perhaps five feet away from her, in the front row of the shoving crowd, a boy of about 14 had passed out. He had slumped over the barricade, and now he was being crushed against it. I motioned to Ronnie Volz, an equipment man, and he went to the barricade area and told some University of Toledo football players, who had been recruited as front-of-the-stage guards, to save the boy. They grabbed him by his shoulders and pulled his unconscious body over the wall.

The lights went down. I looked toward the pimple-faced boy who had been screaming; he was now crouched on a railing, not 10 feet from the stage, and he was focusing his eyes on Alice's main microphone. A throaty rumble was coming up from the audience. This was not the look and sound of people ready to be entertained; this was the sodden, drugged feel of a mob primed for a fight. They were just . . . *waiting*. I felt scared all over again: I didn't want to be here. I saw Bob Gruen, a New York-based free-lance photographer who had joined the tour for a few days, and I motioned him over to my regular spot at stage left. I told him what I was feeling, and he nodded in agreement.

"I was walking around downtown this afternoon, and I got stopped by this Jesus freak," Gruen said. "He saw the backstage passes on my case, and he asked me if I was traveling with Alice Cooper. When I said yes, he said, 'Man, that's the supreme evil.' And I told him, 'You think Alice is evil? Look in the faces of his audience sometime, if you want to see the supreme evil.' "

Gruen was interrupted by the announcement: ". . . the legendary . . . ALICE COOPER! ! ! !"

Alice was not halfway to his microphone before it started to happen. A full can of beer came sailing out of the audience and smashed down by my feet, then bounced off the stage. A cigarette lighter skipped onto the metal table right beside me. Alice walked into the spotlights, and before he could sing a word a raw egg, traveling fast, hit him hard in the chest. He jerked backward.

He began to sing "Hello! Hooray!" Before he could complete the first verse, another heavy, hard object came flying out of the darkness and hit him on the collarbone, causing him to grimace and drop his hand microphone.

The attack began to intensify. The stage felt like a free-fire zone. All around us sharp, bulky missiles were crashing to the floor. They seemed to be coming from all directions. I looked up into the beams of the four Super Trouper spotlights. Outlined in the thin, bright tunnels of light were literally dozens of hard, swiftly moving projectiles, which disappeared in the blackness again, only to plummet down seconds later, somewhere on the stage. With each passing moment, the barrage increased. A rock slammed into my leg. A glass beer bottle shattered three feet away. I felt sick to my stomach. I looked to my right. Glen Buxton was holding his guitar in front of his face, trying to protect himself. I dropped to my knees and covered my head with my hands. I could hear myself breathing.

The band was trying to continue, but the crowd was roaring with excitement, and the assault was not letting up. It was so starkly obvious what was happening: here, in Toledo, Ohio, the story of Alice Cooper as a vicious killer had truly been bought. This was the Alice Cooper band up here, these were the baby-killers, the chicken-murderers, the ax-wielders. And now, full of malevolent frenzy, the young Toledo audience was giving it all back.

Norm Klein was frantically pointing a flashlight into the audience, trying to get their attention, to make them stop. But there would be no stopping these people. Alice, his clothing stained and ripped, went into "Billion Dollar Babies," trying his best to see the shrapnel before it hit him. He was struck again, in the chest. The worst thing about the attack was the anger with which the objects were being thrown. This was not a case of Beatle fans tossing jellybeans onto the stage. These were big, dangerous weapons, and they were being hurled through the darkness with all the thrust and potential harm of fast balls. They were meant to hit, perhaps to maim.

Alice was just finishing "Billion Dollar Babies" when the horrible moment came. I was still on my knees, trying to see the other side of the stage, the front row, where another boy had fainted and was being choked, his neck pinned against the barricades as the crowd charged from behind him. And then, on that side of the stage, there was a brief flash, and a terrible, sharp, high-volume explosion. In the shadows the figure of a man crumpled to the stage floor.

I could not see who it was. He fell about five feet from Alice and just lay there, still as death. Alice took one look, then ran swiftly to the back of the stage and down the stairs. I followed him. The music stopped—not abruptly, but piece by piece, as each of the instrumentalists realized that a bomb of some sort had been thrown onto the stage. As I ran off, I could see the dark shapes of the roadies running to the fallen man's side.

Alice was screaming at the bottom of the stairs: "Do you realize that someone has been blinded out there! Someone has lost his eyes!" He was such an odd sight, in his satin sailor suit and streaked mascara, his face ashen with fright. He seemed to be on the verge of sobbing.

Dennis Dunaway was still on the stage, and he was addressing the audience through a microphone. The house lights remained down, and Dennis was in darkness as he said: "There's a few children out there throwing things . . . I don't know if you know it, but that blew up in someone's *face* . . . if you keep throwing things, we won't play . . . we all came here to have a *good time*!" I had never heard Dennis angry, but his voice was shaking as he spoke, and as the roadies worked to help the still-prone figure on the right side of the stage.

Neal Smith came running down the stairs, flushed in his rage: "It's Hitch! It blew up in Larry Hitchcock's face!" Hitchcock, the tour's young, pony-tailed stage manager, was one of the best-liked and most respected members of the traveling

entourage.

We all moved back into the curtained-off dressing area. Norm Klein was keeping all non-performers away, so we were alone, and our voices echoed through the empty annex of the Sports Arena.

"Get the cars!" Alice gasped, frightened almost to the point of not being able to get the words out. "Where are the cars? I'm not playing out there!"

Mike Roswell grabbed him. "Wait, Alice," he said. "Wait just a few minutes."

"*Wait?*" Alice screamed. "*Wait?* Where are the cars, damn it? Who was it?"

"It was Hitch," Roswell said. "He's all right."

"It's all *right*?" Neal Smith shouted. "Don't tell *us* it's all right! We have to stand out there!"

"Neal. Relax," Roswell said. "I said *Hitch* was all right. Alice asked me who it was, so I told him. Hitch is going to be all right. It wasn't his eyes."

"I ain't playing for those fuckers," Glen Buxton cried. "I ain't going out there and being a target."

Out in the arena, the lights were still off. The crowd was near bedlam, chanting for more, calling for the band to come back. I could hear them howling and stamping their feet.

"What the fuck is going *on* out there?" Neal shouted. "They're trying to *kill* us!"

"We are *leaving*!" Alice bit off. "Where are the *cars*? Just get the *cars*. That's the show, it's *over*, let's *go*."

The Amazing Randi came strutting into the dressing area. Randi was a 44-year-old professional magician who played a role in the stage show; he was the oldest man on the tour. "We ought to announce a hundred dollar reward for the name of the child who threw that explosive," he said.

"*Reward?*" Neal bellowed. "We ought to *machine gun* the motherfucker!"

Larry Hitchcock pulled back the curtains and came in. "I'm okay, guys," he said. "It was just the force of the explosion that stunned me. I would have lost my eardrums, but I was wearing the plugs. Don't worry, no one's hurt."

David Libert and Mike Roswell conferred in a corner. They had a large problem: the band had completed only two songs, and without Shep here it was going to be hard to make them go back on stage and finish the show. The rising sound of the crowd underlined the urgency of making a decision, fast.

"Let's just wait until the audience cools off . . . ," Roswell said.

"Mike. I'm *not* going out there," Alice said. "I have to put my head out there and lock it in a *guillotine*, with the spotlights on me. When I'm in that thing, do you think I can get out if I see something coming at me?"

Libert looked at Alice. "We owe them a show," he said.

"*Those* people?" Alice shouted. He was almost begging. "*Please*, David. Those people are *crazy* out there. We don't owe them *anything*. Do you want me to stand up in the spotlights and get *killed*? David, there's going to be a riot here in a couple of minutes. *Please*, get the cars and get us back to the hotel before it starts."

"Punk town," Neal said. "Punk, fucking town. We're supposed to risk our lives for *those* fucking people?"

Mike Bruce came into the dressing area. "They must like me," he said. "I'm the only one who didn't get hit by anything."

"Roswell, just tell me," Alice said. "Are the cars in the building?"

Roswell nodded yes.

"Then we're going," Alice said. "If you want to talk anymore, you can talk back at the hotel." He led the way to the cars, and the rest of us went along. We piled into the limousines.

Word came from the arena: the explosive was a high-powered firecracker, probably an M-80

Libert hurried up to us. "Alice!" he said.

Alice looked out of the Cadillac. "You know where Hitchcock got hit?" he said. "That's where I was going to be next. That could have been me."

A Toledo policeman approached our car. "I don't blame you," he said to Alice. "I wouldn't go out there, either."

"Somebody's got to draw the line," Alice said.

"It's never been like this before," the policeman said. "They never acted like this to any other group."

Libert got into the front seat, and we tore out of the Sports Arena. Almost all of the audience's cars were still in the parking lot. The crowd was expecting us to come back on stage.

"I'm sorry, David," Alice said. "I'll talk to Shep for you if you want. But I just can't go out there again." He was shivering as he talked.

The ride to the Holiday Inn was short. As we climbed out of the limousines at the back entrance, Libert said, "Driver, take me straight back to the hall."

I walked inside. The desk clerk called, "Who's Dave Libert? I have an emergency phone call for him."

I ran back out, just as the limousine was pulling away. I banged on the hood, and Libert got out. He came inside and took the telephone. It was Shep. Roswell, still backstage, had reached him in Toronto, and he had called the hotel and waited for us to arrive.

"Shep, I know," Libert said. "Alice says he won't go on. What can I do? I can't drag him onto the stage."

The musicians were waiting for an elevator. Alice saw that Libert was talking to Gordon and stayed downstairs. The others went up to their rooms. I watched with Alice.

Libert was on the phone for 10 minutes. He did more listening than talking. Finally, Alice went over and took the phone from him. The receiver was on a long cord, which had been handed out to Libert over the front desk counter, so Alice, leaning on the counter in his sailor suit and makeup, looked as though he was waiting to register. Except for us, the lobby was empty. At the Sports Arena, the crowd was still waiting and chanting in darkness.

"But Shep . . . ," Alice said. "I'm afraid to go out there . . . they were throwing bombs. . . ."

His voice was quieter, less excited than it had been at the arena. He, too, spent most of his time on the phone listening to Gordon's arguments for the band to go back on stage.

". . . I don't know how," Alice said. "You didn't see it, Shep. You don't know how bad it was . . . Yes, I know I have a responsibility. I'm aware of that. . . ."

Libert walked over to me and handed me his copy of the room list. "Do me a favor," he said. "Call every room. Tell them to come down to the lobby with their instruments. We may be going back to the hall."

I picked up a house phone and began to call the rooms. No one else seemed still as frightened as Alice.

"Huh?" said Mike Bruce, who was in his room with a girl who had been with him since the afternoon. "Okay. Fine. I'll be right down."

"Right," said Dennis Dunaway. "In the lobby. I'll tell Glen."

"Okay, man," said Neal Smith. "See you in a minute or two."

Alice was still on the phone with Shep. He looked over at Libert, pleading in his eyes. Libert went to his side and took the phone. He talked to Shep for a few

more minutes, then hung up.

Libert came up to me again. "Call the rooms back," he said. "Tell them to forget it. We're not going back on. Shep's not happy, but he's going along with it. I'm getting that fucking money from the box office, though.

"And listen. This is the story we're giving to the press: We're saying that when the explosion happened, it shattered one of our stage lights, and Mike Bruce got some pieces of glass in his eye. We're saying that he's being rushed to a doctor in Detroit, his personal physician from when the band lived there. We're saying that we don't know the doctor's name, so that they can't check. Bob Brown and Roswell are at the hall now telling that to the reporters. This way it's a black and white thing. It looks like the band can't continue without a guitarist. It sounds a lot better than just saying that Alice is too scared of the audience to go back on, you know? I'm going over there now. We're going to tell the crowd the same story."

I went up to Alice's suite. There, four uniformed Toledo policemen were swapping stories with Alice, Norm and Cindy Lang. Alice was in a dressing gown, explaining to the cops about life on the rock and roll road. The policemen, for their part, seemed to be getting on with Alice quite famously; whatever they had heard about him before, they were finding out now that he was funny and easy to shoot the breeze with, and not even a faggot. All four of the cops kept sneaking looks at Cindy, in her see-through fishnet shirt, and with every gaze at her they developed new respect for Mr. Cooper. Before long they were all drinking Budweiser out of the can and telling Alice about Toldeo.

"Yeah, that Sports Arena is a weird place," one of the policemen said. "One night, we had a guy naked in the middle of the main floor, masturbating! This twenty-one-year-old girl comes out to get us. She says, 'Help! There's a man playing with his dingdong!' That's what she called it—a dingdong! She's twenty-one years old! Man, did I feel sorry for her date that night, whoever he was!"

"At least she didn't call it a peepee," Cindy Lang said.

"He's playing with his 'down there,' " Alice said, and the room filled with laughter. The cops had come to the suite to protect Alice in case of a mass charge on the Holiday Inn. But the hallways were empty. Even now, Libert was at the hall, having an announcer tell the crowd that Mike Bruce's eye was injured and that Alice Cooper would not be coming back on. The crowd would leave with moderate restraint, doing only modest damage to the arena, and Libert would get all of the money the group would have earned had they put on an entire show.

And if the Toledo teenagers did not realize that, while they waited in the still-dark Sports Arena for the Billion Dollar Babies to take the stage again, the famous Alice Cooper was chuckling and drinking beer at his hotel with four local patrolmen . . . well, maybe that was for the best. Alice seemed far more comfortable with the cops than he would have been with the kids, and that is not the kind of thing that the world's most determinedly antisocial rock and roll band would likely want advertised.

The policemen stayed up with Alice most of the night. Gradually, Alice calmed down about what had happened. At first, he was full of rapid talk about his walkout at the arena. No matter what the subject, he would always return to explaining why he had had to leave the stage, why he knew that he was right. Word came from the arena: the explosive was a high-powered firecracker of some sort, probably an M-80. Hitchcock had been six inches from it when it had gone off; had it hit him directly, it most likely would have taken his face off. "I'll go on the radio to help cool things off, but I won't go back there and perform," Alice said, and before long he dropped the subject.

The cops had come to the suite to protect Alice in case of a mass charge on the Holiday Inn. Alice seemed far more comfortable with the cops than he would have been with the kids

In the morning, the Toledo *Blade*'s early edition came out with its story of the trouble at the arena. We were just checking out of the Holiday Inn when the paper arrived at the hotel newsstand. Tom Davies' light feature on Alice had turned into a hard police story:

A member of the Alice Cooper rock band was injured and the group ended its concert after only two songs when the Toledo Sports Arena stage was showered with firecrackers and other debris Thursday night.

Michael Bruce, guitarist for the group, suffered facial injuries when he was struck by flying glass. A spokesman for the group said Bruce was playing the guitar under a lighted archway when light bulbs exploded when they were hit by a firecracker.

Bruce was taken to Detroit for treatment by a physician. He was expected to rejoin the band tonight in Toronto.

Thirty policemen were sent to the arena to assist 20 off-duty patrolmen trying to control the crowd when trouble developed about 9:45 p.m. . . .

Mike Roswell, promotional director for the group, said that . . . this was the first time the band ever had to end a concert because of crowd trouble. . . .

Gerald Francis, general manager of the arena, who talked with Cooper after the aborted concert, said the rock star felt badly because he couldn't continue the show, but that he couldn't risk further injuries by going back on.

Mr. Francis said that the Alice Cooper group obviously would retain its share of the $38,000 that the concert grossed after the group had attempted to perform. . . .

Mike Bruce came off the elevator and into the lobby with his girl from the night before. He smiled and said hello to the rest of us, and someone handed him the *Blade*. Davies' article was the lead local story of the day.

Bruce read the first paragraph and said, "What's this, 'a member?' Don't I have a name?"

"Second paragraph," said Mike Roswell.

Bruce handed his guitar case to a limousine driver. "You want to put this in the trunk?" he said. "Oh, and be careful for pieces of glass. The ones that didn't get imbedded in my eye may still be on the guitar." The Cooper people laughed.

Roswell and Bob Brown, the tour publicist, went over to a pay telephone to call Davies at the *Blade* office. Roswell talked very politely and cordially to Davies as he lied:

"Saw your story, man, and I just wanted to fill you in on how it stands now. Mike's still in Detroit. He had some glass imbedded in his right eyelid. . . . Yeah, man, I know what you mean. Thank God he's all right. . . . Yeah, you know Alice,

everything's cool. . . . Right. The doctor removed the glass, and Mike's going to meet us in Toronto tonight. I'd say the odds are better than even that he'll perform."

We rode back to the Detroit airport, and soon we were off for Toronto. The story of Bruce's "injury" would be picked up by the wire services and would become the standard printed explanation for the halted concert in Toledo. *Rolling Stone* would come out with essentially the same story that Davies had written. Within a week, the Toledo *Blade* would run an editorial:

> The outbreak of hooliganism and property destruction that marked the appearance of the Alice Cooper rock band at the Sports Arena was more flagrant than previous incidents that have attended similar events in the house. . . .
>
> Let it be said that the Alice Cooper outfit panders to the basest of instincts and emotion, in the curious, almost perverse relationship it has with its special audience, and thus actually invites violent reactions. That, however, is no excuse for the kind of disturbances that are raising increased complaints about rock gatherings and certain other large events at the arena. . . .
>
> Five persons were arrested there last Thursday night; one member of the Cooper band was taken to Detroit for medical attention after being struck in the eye with glass slivers; some $1,500 to $2,000 damage occurred. . . .

On the Starship, Alice once again watched Humphrey Bogart tell Mary Astor, "I don't care who loves who, I won't play the sap. You killed Miles, and you're going over."

We all talked of the night before, but by now the tone was light, like a joke from somewhere in the dim past. "It's glass eye," the roadies called to Mike Bruce as he came down the aisle with a Coke. Norm Klein, in a tennis sweater, said, "Alice has decided what he's going to do from now on. He's going to hire David Cassidy to stand in front of him on stage and bat the things away."

Libert's voice came over the airplane's public address system. "Good morning, hippies and affable freaks," he said. "As you know, we have Customs in Toronto. I just hope your fucking suitcases are clean. Better think about it now. If you get busted going through Customs, we don't know you. And to Mike Bruce—sincere condolences, and best wishes from all of us for a speedy recovery."

For the rest of the tour, we seldom talked about the incident in Toledo—and never about the Mike Bruce story that had been fabricated to hide the truth. The tour was, after all, still built on the premise of the Alice Cooper group as vicious purveyors of fear and shock and violence. And no one seemed particularly anxious to dredge up memories of the night when, finally, it was all turned around, the night when we saw how quickly the audiences we taunted could rise up, how suddenly they could send the violence back at us and into our own lives, and cause us to run in breathless fear, a traveling band of Dr. Frankensteins on the lam in the 1970s. ●

LOCAL COLOR

SAN FRANCISCO

Bates Street craziness

Up in the peaceful hills of El Cerrito, my neighbors are going out of control and their attitudes are infectious; I've begun acting just like them

By Roger Rapoport

It's another perfect morning here on Bates Street. There's a magnificent view of the bay and San Francisco. The Golden Gate Bridge looks sensational. And every picture window on the block has the curtains drawn. The doctor's wife is bringing their Doberman over to shit on my lawn. Spike is mowing the grass and his family is spending another lovely day inside. Bill's participation in a neighborhood tag game is being cut short by his mother's admonition: "Don't you dare touch any of those girls." And over at the Johnsons an altercation seems to have started. Mrs. Johnson's voice is booming out over the street once again: "Freddy, will you please put down that gun!"

It looks like a typical start to another day here in the suburbs where most of California lives. I'm talking about my own street up in the hills of El Cerrito, 15 miles east of San Francisco. Although it is only one block long and home for just 70 of our town's 25,000 residents, there is enough here to keep psychiatrist Robert Coles busy for the rest of his life. The only trouble is no one would talk to him.

My wife, Margot, and I came to El Cerrito four years ago, choosing it over crowded San Francisco and high-rent Berkeley, 10 minutes away. We outtalked a dozen others anxious to rent this secluded, rustic little house where deer from a nearby park occasionally drop into the back yard. It looked like a smart move to a

peaceful neighborhood with substantial homes and great views.

But not long after we were settled, a peculiar thing happened. Margot and I returned from a movie to discover that our house had been broken into. From our previous experience with burglars, we knew enough to immediately begin looking through drawers, cabinets and shelves to inventory what was lifted. But after a half-hour search, the only items unaccounted for were my $30 camera and Margot's $75 gold locket. All our valuables—the stereo, TV, silver, etc.—were untouched.

Now, I had been robbed enough times in the city to know that no respectable burglar would bother breaking in for such a paltry haul. As it turned out, the thief was an amateur 12-year-old named Freddy who lived next door. He was running a reverse Welcome Wagon for Bates Street, breaking into each newcomer's home, looking for Seconals, Ritalin, grass and other forms of dope. When he couldn't find any of these, he would lift just enough goods to cover his drug-buying expenses. Unfortunately, he fenced our belongings before the police nailed him the first time. We still see a great deal of Freddy during his vacations from the honor farm. But except for some random .22 target practice in our back yard, he doesn't bother us much. Having cased our house and found no dope worth lifting, he has quit breaking in.

Actually, Freddy is the only person on the block to have ever set foot inside our house. Almost no one visits his neighbor's home on Bates Street. Comics joke about California being the kind of place where people drive next door to borrow a cup of sugar. But if you tried that on Bates Street, you would come home empty-handed. Anyone who tries to be friendly is suspect. When someone receives an apple from his neighbor's tree, he looks for the worm.

In four years only two adults have bothered asking my name or introducing themselves. I have greeted Hal across the street at least 50 times and he never responds. Even the doctor's wife seldom acknowledges us when she brings her Doberman around to drop another load on our lawn. One morning she shocked me by driving past and raising her hand in what appeared to be a wave. I waved back just as her garage door flew open. She had only been pushing the visor-mounted radio control on her automatic garage door opener.

Roger Rapoport is a free-lance writer whose last contribution to NEW TIMES was on Patty Hearst.

Because no one gives out his name or posts it on the mailbox, I have been forced to identify a neighbor by his dog (Bounce's owner), children (Bill's mother) or home (the castle people). The castle is a giant Spanish-style fortress at the end of the block. Three life-size, spear-bearing knights guard the gate. The residents only move past the gate in one of their four cars. After four years on Bates Street, I still don't know how many castle people there are or what any of them looks like.

I do know what Spike looks like. His two-story house is directly in front of ours and he devotes nearly every day to lawnwork. Spike currently mows his grass in two directions once a week, even though it only needs cutting about once a month this time of year. When he's not worrying about the grass, Spike is painting his house. Like a painter on the Golden Gate Bridge, his job never ends. As soon as he finishes inside and out, Spike begins putting on another coat.

Although Spike and I have said hello nearly every day for the past four years, he is not what you would call a close personal friend. Last spring Margot and I raked up huge piles of ground cover killed in a freeze, dumped them into plastic sacks, and threw them up into a truck for disposal at the dump. Unfortunately, the flimsy 50-pound sacks burst, showering us with debris on every toss. Spike noticed the problem and walked right up to us. I thought he was going to lend a hand. But he just hovered there silently for 20 minutes as the unwieldy sacks continued splitting and spewing dead ground cover all over us.

One guy down the block insists on walking his German shepherd from a moving car

As is their custom during troublesome situations, Spike's wife, grandmother, 4-year-old daughter and 3-year-old son watched this scene from their living room window. They emerge from the house about once every two weeks, usually spending less than an hour outdoors before returning inside and drawing the blinds. The children are never permitted to play or talk with anyone outside their family. They can only venture off the premises in the hands of their parents or grandmother. As a result, they have no playmates.

Other parents are also restrictive with their children. Bill's dad kept him away from his next-door neighbor and Bates Street's biggest celebrity, George Frayne. The boy's parents weren't impressed by George's leadership of Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. They didn't care that his band's country and western music, particularly a hit single called "Hot Rod Lincoln," had been well received across the United States and Europe.

Outwardly, the Commander's rental house was the shame of Bates Street. It desperately needed paint and the yard was strictly weeds. But inside, his place was the friendliest spot on the block. When the Commander wasn't on tour, he livened up the neighborhood by handing out free albums, playing loud music and inviting people in for a drink. He was always offering to get show passes for people on the block. When one of his fellow musicians bought a box for the Golden Gate Fields season, he encouraged neighbors to join them at the thoroughbred races for free.

Although the kids liked the Commander and his music, their parents didn't think much of him. George's leading Bates Street fan was a tall, attractive 15-year-old neighbor he called the giant teenage girl. For months she peered through the living room window of her Spanish stucco home watching the musician take his daily sun bath on the porch. Finally, she worked up her courage, crossed the street and began chatting with him. Five minutes later the giant teenage girl's father came over and reeled her back in the house, where she was admonished never to speak with that degenerate again. The Commander, who had seen his share of life's eccentricities on the concert circuit, couldn't believe it. "These sure is some weird folks," said George as he packed up and moved off to a more hospitable neighborhood.

The lease was picked up by his manager, Joe Kerr. A few months after Joe moved in, Paul's father decided to offer his three-bedroom frame house at $52,000, about $10,000 over market value. When the place wouldn't sell, he blamed the neighborhood. Although Bates Street is dominated by $30,000 to $50,000 homes, Bill's father was convinced that everyone else was lowering his property value.

He told the Johnsons to haul a junk car out of their yard and offered to help Joe Kerr paint his peeling rental house. Joe agreed, and Bill's dad ended up buying all the paint and supplying much of the labor. After this failed to attract a buyer, Joe suggested his neighbor could really increase property values through

buying new sod and a swimming pool for the mangy Kerr yard. But Bill's father lost heart and took down his for-sale sign.

Bill kept us posted on all this while handling one of the many odd jobs we gave him around our house. He and his 6-year-old sister, Helen, became our closest friends on Bates Street. As they came to know us better, they began bringing their playmates over to romp in our big back yard. Today, our major source of street news is Bill, Helen and the other kids. We seldom see any of their parents. Customarily, they enter their garage after breakfast, lock themselves in the car, pop the automatic garage door opener and floor it. At night, the process is reversed. This way they don't have to set foot on the street for weeks or months at a time.

When these people do emerge from their garages, I know it's time to start looking the other way. After we moved in, three different neighbors warned us not to park our car along the curb in front of their homes. The doctor's wife insisted that this public space in front of their redwood house was reserved for a guest car. Her parents have proceeded to park their guest Cadillac in front of our home nearly every Sunday for four years.

Almost everyone on Bates Street has more cars than he can use. Spike, for example, has a station wagon and a high performance sports coupe that sit in the garage most of the time. He is only off working four hours a night, and his wife seldom drives anywhere. I can't recall a single time when both cars have been out of the garage. When Hal across the street bought his third car a couple of years ago, he refused to trade in his crumbling '55 Packard. Instead, he drove the vehicle onto his front lawn and set the emergency brake. Now thick with grime, his Packard still sits on the lawn that his expensive gardener keeps carefully manicured.

Naturally, people like this aren't too concerned about open space. For years one of the nicest thing about Bates was a greenbelt beginning at the end of the block and stretching down to the bottom of the hill. Young couples came from all over El Cerrito to watch terrific sunsets on San Francisco Bay. Visibility often exceeded 40 miles. Then two years ago, the city started turning this open space into a four-lane divided highway. Although some El Cerrito residents objected, the people of Bates Street backed the project. Today, this land is the most useless divided highway in California. The traffic count averages less than 100 cars an hour, and some vehicles can't even make it up the steep grade.

Bates Street residents love driving up and down this highway three and four times a day. If people don't need to go down the hill, they just drive around the neighborhood for relaxation. One guy down the block even insists on walking his German shepherd from a moving car. He keeps one hand on his steering wheel and the other on the leash. When Freddy runs out of places to cruise, he puts on his black leather jacket, slicks back his hair and rides his motorcycle up and down the driveway for hours on end. His mother periodically asks him to quit, but he just gives her the finger.

Obviously, this kind of attitude does not give Bates Street a very good sense of community. I've often wondered how the block would react if someone came to the door and shot both of us in cold blood. I suspect it might be a month before the rising pile of newspapers in the driveway would arouse Spike's curiosity. He'd probably come look in the window, see us lying there and immediately call the city sanitarian to file a complaint.

Although I've tried my best, it's become increasingly difficult to disassociate myself from these people. Their attitudes are infectious. No matter how many long walks I take or sunsets I watch, no matter how many kids I let play in our yard or jobs I give Bill, I've begun to find myself acting like them. I've become afraid to open my door at night and begun drawing my blinds during the day. I've begun driving my Volvo up and down the useless four-lane highway and deliberately ignoring newcomers moving on the block. I've started sending our cat over to shit on the doctor's lawn and pricing automatic garage door openers.

On walks I've begun noticing Bates Street craziness creeping into surrounding blocks. People have started randomly cutting down beautiful trees, fencing off front yards and installing gratings on their windows. Kids are pointing BB guns at me. Even the old man who re-creates the nativity scene on his huge lawn each Christmas has been hit. Thieves broke in and stole three of his plaster of Paris sheep.

Since the Fourth of July, things have begun going out of control. Freddy's mother got drunk one night and ran down the street topless. A family of skunks has moved under our car and started gassing us. The new salt lick we put out for the deer has been stolen. And Bill, our trusted part-time employee, spit on our car as I waved at him the other day. I think he was getting back at us for not giving him any work lately.

About three weeks ago our sewer line, which passes under Spike's lawn, clogged and began leaking just above his patio. Our landlord tried to fix it immediately even though it was Spikes's Monterey pine that jammed the pipe. Spike insisted that the landlord lay a $5,000 line out to the street instead of replacing the broken section for $500. Their last bargaining session ended with Spike's wife screaming at our landlord for 20 minutes from her second-story window.

Currently, the crisis remains unresolved because Spike refuses to let our landlord fix the break. Our neighbor prefers bringing a parade of attorneys, health officials, sewer men and relatives around to reevaluate the problem each day. All this has persuaded me to make arrangements to move to a more civilized community. For as the shit continues running downhill, Spike is preparing to take his case all the wav to the Supreme Court. By the time it gets there, I suspect he may have difficulty walking around his patio. ●

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MOVIES

No dice

By Frank Rich

The Gambler is a torturous film apparently predicated on the belief that if you make an audience suffer at length in ways that aren't instantly recognizable as frivolous, a fair share of the crowd is bound to confuse that suffering with meaning and maybe even with art. It is close to impossible not to feel depressed upon coming out of this movie, and, given the project's deadly seriousness of intent and slickness of design, the temptation is great to convince oneself that the torment has not been in vain. Just the same, if you can view *The Gambler* from any kind of objective distance whatsoever, I think you'll find as I did that this picture is a work which manipulates exclusively in the service of its own selfish ends—a movie that punishes its audience in an effort to camouflage the emptiness that lies at its core. While *The Gambler* may well make you feel lousy, it does so only at an unsatisfying gut level; this is a sensation that, by knocking one's head against a wall for a period of not less than 15 minutes, can just as easily be obtained in the privacy of one's own home.

James Toback's original screenplay tells the story of one Axel Freed (James Caan), a nice, grown-up Jewish boy who has everything that a nice, grown-up Jewish boy could possibly want in this world—and then some. He has a Harvard degree and a good job teaching literature at a college in New York City (pay: $1,500 a month). He has a way with words and the desire to be a writer. He lives in a large apartment well stocked with books and phonograph records (classical). His brilliant, compassionate mother Naomi (Jacqueline Brookes) is a successful doctor who treats the poor and the dope-ridden in a public clinic. Her father, Axel's grandfather (Morris Carnovsky), though the founder of "the largest chain of furniture stores the country has ever seen," is not your basic uncouth, immigrant robber-baron, but a cultured, self-made gentleman with a talent for quoting Walt Whitman or William Shakespeare or any other famous writer who's ever made it into Bartlett's. And that's not the half of it. Axel is also handsome, athletic and a good dresser, not to mention a good dancer. He has a devoted lover, Billie (Lauren Hutton), a long-legged blond who is the shiksa to answer the complaints of even the most fanatical Portnoy. Axel has all of this and a nice sports car, too . . . but Axel also has a problem: he's a compulsive gambler. Much to the everlasting sorrow of his mom, his granddad, his shiksa and even his parasitic underworld contact (Paul Sorvino), he just can't stop himself from plunking down five-figure sums on football games or crap shoots; and, as he falls deeper and deeper into debt and its attendant dangers, his friends and loved ones wonder why this wonderful young man with such a good head on his shoulders and such a great future before him would want to throw away his life so needlessly. It's a question well worth asking, and the main difficulty with *The Gambler* is that all Toback and director Karel Reisz do is ask it, explicitly and implicitly, over and over again, for about two hours. These men are so in love with the tragic incongruities they have found in the person of Axel Freed that they forget to do anything with their clever premise other than establish it and let it fester. By the time this picture is 30 minutes old, we have learned everything we're ever going to learn about Axel or any of the other characters; for the duration the movie just sits there, browbeating the audience to follow its lead and wallow in the misery generated by the hero's obsession.

Of course, there's a story to move the movie forward in a linear sense, but since we've seen this story approximately 148 times before, who cares? Toback's narrative is simply another variation on that same stock formula which used to serve every Hollywood film about alcoholism, from *The Lost Weekend* to *The Days of Wine and Roses* to last season's made-for-TV extravaganza, *The Morning After*; it's that tired old riches-to-rags rigamarole by which a hero (or heroine) who has life by the ass plunges into ever more wretched despair and disrepute due to a propensity for hitting the bottle (or here, the gaming tables). While Axel has private resources that keep him from landing on a literal skid row and while Toback has neutralized some of the genre's usual sentimentality by providing a fashionably downbeat ending and a love interest so bland we couldn't give a damn whether she walks out on the hero or not, in the end these deviations from the norm hurt the movie rather than help it—for the screenwriter has neglected to put anything else in their place. What's left is an abrasive and cold string of anecdotes that relentlessly con-

Axel (James Caan) and Billie (Lauren Hutton) in *The Gambler*: misery loves company.

trasts the rapturous perfection of the bright side of Axel's existence (his spirited classroom lectures, his family birthday parties, his tennis games with mom) with the sordidness of that dark world where he takes progressively larger and more self-destructive risks. All the old standards of this form of melodrama are trotted out: the teary confrontations between Axel and those who want to help him; the losing bets on sporting events that usually turn out to be decided by a single point in the last two seconds of a game; the brief reprieve of a misleading winning streak; the impulsive junket to a neon-lit Vegas (with the traditional accompanying portraits of that town's weirdo denizens); and finally the big, climactic gamble in which the hero places principle, fortune and maybe even his life on the line (if he loses, he's kaput; if he wins, he looks for still another way to lose). To get around these flimsy dramatic contraptions, a screenwriter must give us a central protagonist we feel for, care for and maybe even come to understand somewhat—even if there's no glib revelation available to rationalize the hero's compulsion with the routine stuff of his life. Toback falls down at this basic task and, for that reason, the pain *The Gambler* showers on its audience remains determinedly unredemptive and gratuitous. We watch Axel take his hard knocks as we might watch a stray child being hit by a car; sure, you feel something—the punch of a sickening and numbing brutality—but it's a variety of distress that fails to operate on any significant emotional or psychological plane.

The limited impact of the movie has its roots in the archness, as well as the bald pretentiousness, of Toback's writing. Everyone in *The Gambler*, with the exception of the underworld thugs, talks as though he or she were a refugee from a college sophomore's unpublished first novel. Much in the cloying manner of his courtly grandfather, Axel never tires of quoting from William Carlos Williams or e.e.cummings or whomever, whether he's discoursing to the kids in the classroom or those folks he encounters in real life. On those occasions when he isn't recalling the great masters, the hero is not incapable of talking as though he were extemporaneously trying his own hand at free verse. A sure tip-off to these bouts of fancy is that images start falling out of Axel's mouth in threes, as when he's telling Billie that she adores him because he offers "strange smells, strange hands, the possibility of blood," or telling a low-life loan collector how he envies a job that promises "fresh air, an open road, free afternoons." I suspect that this kind of talk is intended to establish a literary sensibility for Axel; instead, we begin to think of him as a pluperfect example of one of those "phonies" who once drove Holden Caulfield to the outer reaches of sanity.

Axel's relationship with his lover also goes a long way toward deflating our sympathy for him. I found it difficult to believe that this bright young guy infatuated with writing, teaching and the socio-moral heritage of his family would be so intent in carrying on a lackluster affair with a woman who is not only a cold fish with a fake smile, but who also seems to be a functional illiterate. As far as I can tell, Billie neither works nor gambles nor talks on the phone nor cooks nor anything else, although she does, from time to time, endeavor to change her clothes. One might argue that her arrangement with Axel is strictly a sexual one, and yet, as Toback presents his hero, gambling diminishes and possibly even replaces sex in his day-to-day existence. Ultimately, we have no choice but to fall back on Axel's own explanation for his heart pang: "Billie will do anything I ask her to," he tells his grandfather. This might be fine, were the statement not contradicted by the actual action of the film—but, true or not, Axel's rationale still does nothing but cast a simplistic chauvinist pall over a man who seems too thoughtful and intrinsically kind to be so brazenly callous.

If Toback asks us to accept far too much on faith in many instances, there are other times when he doesn't hesitate to treat the audience as if it were a pack of morons. The screenwriter fritters away much valuable energy by setting up redundant, histrionic scenes that allow the subsidiary characters to point out to the hero how badly he's wasting his life, just in case he or we can't figure that out. "Have I been such a failure as to raise a son with the morals of a snake?" asks Naomi in an early scene where Axel hits her for some bail-out money (as though she were learning of his gambling for the first time); not too long after that she advises her son to do "some painful thinking [because] unless you come to terms with why you do this, no money's going to get you out"—an observation that is then needlessly paraphrased by Billie shortly thereafter ("The way it seems to me," she says, "you're just throwin' it away, and not just money."). You'd think that after all their years of shared sorrow these people might begin to speak to Axel in expressions other than these blatantly theatrical recriminations—but for them to do so would mean that Toback might have to deal with the issues raised by his story rather than just brandish generalized restatements of them in our face. Indeed, his script is so long on idle stagecraft and so short on substance that there are even moments where we find ourselves in fierce, violent scenes that have little purpose but to make us squirm. In the most spectacular of these, Axel erupts in anger and manhandles a bank teller because the poor schnook has the audacity to insist that Naomi show two pieces of identification to cash a $25,000 check— when, as Toback would have it, this affluent doctor only carries one.

For his part, Karel Reisz directs the film in a fashion that parallels and reinforces the deficiencies of Toback's script. Just as the screenwriter turns his characters into a Greek chorus that incessantly chants the heavy lessons of this tale, so the director delights in piling on superfluous echoes of dramatic phenomena only a blind man could fail to grasp. Throughout the film there are split-second flashbacks of scenes we've previously witnessed, which, beyond making us edgy by their stylistic intrusiveness, function only to accentuate the obvious. When Axel drives home after a losing night at a private game, Reisz interrupts his ride with brief visual and verbal snatches of Axel at that game—to show us that the hero is thinking about his loss and is down about it. When the hero confronts Naomi to beg for rescue money, the scene is interspliced with a shot we've already seen of the son waving happily to his mother as he greets her at the hospital—to show us how guilty he feels now about abusing her good will. When Axel wins in Vegas, we catch sentimental glimpses of him dancing with his mother at a family gathering that had already taken place in New York—to show that the gambler is at least momentarily content with his lot. It's extraordinarily distressing to watch a filmmaker who has not only made some first-class movies (*Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, Morgan*), but who is also a genuine pioneer in film editing, exploit his talent in this way. Reisz's work on *The Gambler*—like Toback's scenario and like Jerry Fielding's musical score (which gives us Mahler for tension and, in the Vegas section, Rodgers and Hart's "Isn't It Romantic?" for irony)—is at best a display of surface pyrotechnics.

James Caan's performance, in stark contrast, shoots for far more than that: he's as vital as Jon Voight's Con-

rack in his teaching scenes, warm with that special intensity that characterizes family-bound Jewish sons, tense and pallid in defeat and heinously cruel in his abuse of either Billie or his conscience (he asks a black student basketball player to throw a game so that he might pay a debt). If these attributes do not add up to a coherent or persuasively credible personality, Caan himself is blameless, and, in a better movie, his skills might have paid off in a great performance. I also liked Brookes' doctor-mom, though Toback has made her character far too naive to make sense, and Carnovsky's family patriarch, though Toback is so worried that we'll fail to appreciate this man that even in the film's last 20 minutes there's a scene in which the old furniture magnate is shown to be reading a book on Bertrand Russell at the same time that he listens to an old Caruso record (!). As for the much-hyped Lauren Hutton, she doesn't really stand a chance in the role of that woman Axel refers to as his "little rebel pussy." The part is as misconceived as most women's parts are in American movies these days, and the actress' principal duty is to arrange her model's body in as many decorous positions as possible on the Indian bedspread that dominates her boudoir. When she talks, she drops so many "g" 's that it's hard to tell whether she's imitating Mae West or just has spent too much of her life chewing gum. At one point Toback gives her a tedious set speech, a choked-up remembrance about an ex-lover named Eugene who had been beaten up by some "ugly" guys when his "luck started getting bad," and once this spiel dissolves into tears and sobs, Hutton starts to look pretty ugly herself; Reisz's camera recoils quite suddenly in what I interpreted to be a gesture of complete and utter shock. Probably the best thing to be said about Billie is that in a scene where she, like us, must listen to one of the hero's windy, ersatz-whimsical yarns about his own past, she greets Axel's long-awaited punch line with the rebuke, "That's a third-rate bullshit story." "No," rejoins our hero, "it's a first-rate bullshit story"—but you're left with the unmistakable impression that this rebel pussy, unlike Axel or the men who dreamed him up, appreciates that bullshit, no matter how you slice it, is still bullshit.

As we roll quite merrily along into this dark winter of 1974, Hollywood, in its infinite wisdom, is preparing to send forth a parade of "disaster" pictures. These are movies that, by thrusting us into life-and-death catastrophes involving millions of dollars in special effects, are meant to distract us from the tawdry, piddling annoyances which blight (and, in some cases, destroy) our own humdrum lives. Needless to say, the makers of such films would not be averse to racking up some big bucks while they do their bit to divert a morose nation from its woes; it's no secret that the inspiration for these projects has less to do with humanitarian instincts than with the steady and spectacular cash flow generated a while back by *The Poseidon Adventure*, a trashy but fun entertainment in which an ocean liner capsized and scared the considerable shit out of the likes of passengers Shelley Winters, Ernest Borgnine and some fading ingenue whose name I no longer recall (she sang the theme song). By December, at least one of the news weeklies will slap one of these celluloid disasters on a cover and dub the whole phenomenon "The New Escapism" . . . good reading, I'm sure, for those who no longer have the wherewithal to purchase a movie ticket. Certainly America should be grateful to learn that in the Great Depression of the '70s, we have nothing to fear but plane crashes, skyscraper fires and armed invasions led by ants and cockroaches.

While *Airport 1975*, *Earthquake* and *The Towering Inferno*, the generally acknowledged heavies of this genre (promised for Thanksgiving and Christmas), still wait in the wings, directors Joseph Sargent (with **The Taking of Pelham One Two Three**) and Richard Lester (**Juggernaut**) have consented to mark our time (and presumably theirs) with mini-disaster films—pictures that can be distinguished from the biggies by their reliance on (relatively) mini-budgets, mini-plots and, for the most part, mini-stars. *Pelham* and *Juggernaut* will probably vanish from sight and mind as quickly as yesterday's Caribbean hurricanes once a better disaster-mousetrap slams shut on the public consciousness, and yet, if you're in the proper spirit (a condition that lies somewhere between exhaustion and an out-and-out coma), these movies may actually amuse you a bit. Not to the extent that you'll forget about any wolves howling outside your door, but enough so that you may transitorily stop worrying about when you're going to replace that dead light bulb in the hall closet.

However dissimilar they may be in tone, *Pelham* and *Juggernaut* share the same bread-and-butter plot contrivances. In the former film, a quartet of white, middle-aged malcontents hijack a subway and its 17 passengers in order to obtain $1 million in extortion dough; in the latter, the mystery man whose code name serves as the picture's title plants seven "explosive devices" on a Queen Elizabeth II-style luxury ship and then offers to exchange his knowledge of how the bombs can be defused for 500,000 pounds sterling, or roughly $1.25 million. (Check my arithmetic if you will, but I think you'll find that *Pelham*'s hostages clock in at $58,823 per head, while each of the 1,200 tourists on *Juggernaut*'s good ship Britannic go for a mere $1,042—a fact that, while conceivably meaningless, may be of value in deciphering present-day balance-of-trade deficits or currency exchange rates.) Once the disaster-premise has been established in each of these pictures, detectives leap into action, chasing down disgruntled ex-subway conductors and bomb experts, respectively, in order to narrow down the ranks of possible culprits; meanwhile, back at the ranch, transportation execs and government officials engage in yelling matches over whether saving human lives or setting a no-payoff precedent deserves the higher priority. From then on the number of sweaty brows increases exponentially until climax time, which is also when *Pelham* and *Juggernaut* achieve their greatest and most unfortunate kinship: both films end with a dramatic as well as a visceral thud.

But, as I say, there are differences of tone. *Pelham* has been designed to perform at the same high-pitched screech as the New York subway trains themselves, which, as anyone who's had the pleasure of such an underground ride knows, is not what one might call a treat for either the ear or the spinal cord. Peter Stone's screenplay (from John Godey's novel) never passes up an opportunity to slap us in the face with loud and raucous jokes about Manhattan—most of which are a little racier than those that used to grace Johnny Carson's opening monologue and just about as distanced from the true pulse of the city. These days, to be sure, the gags are all terribly, terribly modern; the script bristles with references to sex and race, usually of the Don Rickles "insult" variety. The point of this kind of humor is that racism can be a scream and degradation a riot when served up by a writer or comic whose motives are subversive or at least nominally above reproach. But while Lenny Bruce, Mel Brooks and maybe even Norman Lear (among others) have the knack for transforming urban paranoia and hatred into the stuff of cleansing

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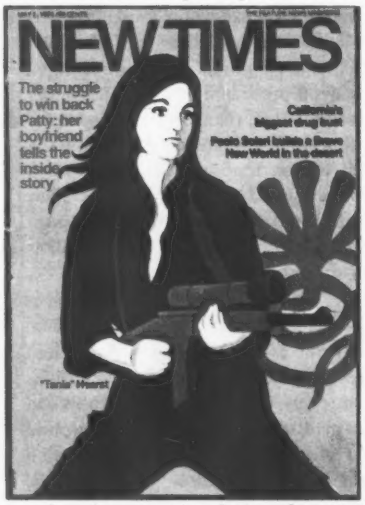
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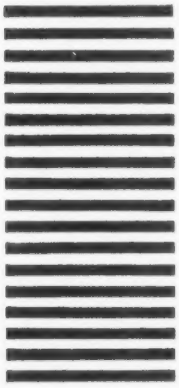

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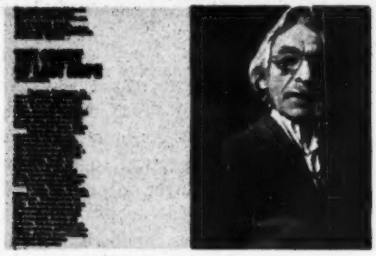

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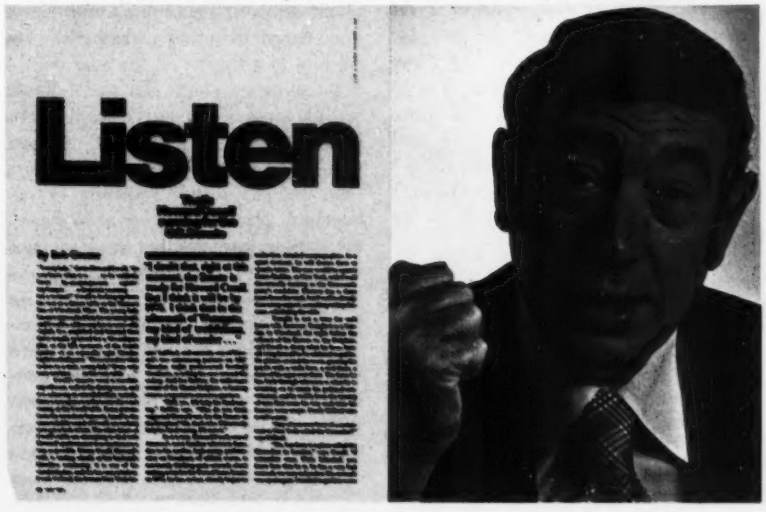

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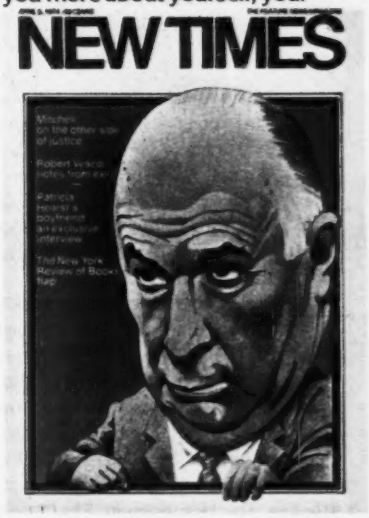

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comedy, Stone's jokes are so showbiz-calculating that you feel he's not nearly as interested in making sport of society's more hideous warts as he is in finding any cheap gag that might score with a TV-conditioned audience. This is why I did not find it amusing when chief transit cop Walter Matthau (doing a distinctly lazier version of his still-winning schtick) steps out of character to call a bunch of uncomprehending Japanese visitors "monkeys" or when another subway functionary (good old Tom Pedi) half-kiddingly lambasts a black woman who works in his office under new equal opportunity directives. Moments such as these, in the context of this suspense melodrama, often smack of exploitation rather than naturalism—and when Stone goes so far as to invoke the memory of Attica gratuitously in the cause of his story, he brings modern history down to the same silly level that he brought Thomas Jefferson's sex life in his musical *1776*.

In line with this nitty-gritty approach, the screenwriter also provides a New York mayor (Lee Wallace) who is more in the image of Abe Beame, I guess, than John Lindsay—complete with *yente* wife (Doris Roberts) and a street-wise pol's affection for inelegant words like "schmuck," "fuck" and "piss." (His Honor's schmucky assistant is played by the affable Tony Roberts—who else?) To sample *Pelham*'s most ludicrous belch of New Yorkese, however, we must wait until the end of the film and take in the credits, where we discover that the hostages have titles in lieu of names—like, for instance, The Hooker, The Homosexual, The Spanish Woman, The Secretary,. The Old [Jewish] Man, The Alcoholic, The Pimp, The Hippie and The WASP. Damned if I could determine who is supposed to be who among this cross section of humanity; these are those rare players that you can't tell even *with* a scorecard.

Unfortunately, *Pelham* has other, more serious breakdowns in clarity. It is almost as difficult to distinguish among the hijackers as their prey—at least until we discern that one of the bad guys is played by Robert Shaw, another by Martin Balsam and so forth. Nor do we learn precisely how this odd collection of crazies banded together, or why they address each other at all times by the polite form of "Mister" (unless this is Stone's way of making the verbiage of these men sound creepy in contrast to the loose slang employed by all those pimps and hippies they're holding at gunpoint). While the screenplay is responsible for some of these hitches, the movie's most self-destructive forays off the track are a function of the direction. Mediocre filmmaker that he is, Joseph Sargent may be just the man the material calls for—but a hack license does not necessarily entitle its bearer to be a reckless driver as well. The night I saw *Pelham*, part of the audience, believing the reverse to be happening, burst into applause at the sight of a bad guy shooting a cop—a bloodthirsty ovation that lapsed into embarrassed silence once its participants realized they had been had by some sloppy editing. A worse foul-up still is the movie's big set piece—a wild nonstop run by the Lexington Avenue local in defiance of both speed limits and physics— which is too ineptly filmed to be scary in the old *This is Cinerama* roller-coaster tradition (besides, this ain't Cinerama); the trip is over almost before it gets going, and only by allowing us to overhear a radio bulletin afterwards does Sargent get across an explanation for the ride's sudden termination.

Richard Lester, as is to be expected, does a classier job with *Juggernaut*—probably low-key and mocking enough to make the film respectable slumming for audiences who otherwise would not be caught dead at a disaster movie. During the first hour, the director packs in a fairly surprising amount of his characteristic touches: a cheery, pudgy Roy Kinnear in a Goon Show-esque parody of a cruise ship's social director (a portrait that, like Richard DeKoker's screenplay, owes quite a lot to Noel Coward's *Sail Away*); half-heard snatches of conversation along the crowded decks; sporadic glimpses of lowly busboys cleaning up the affairs and mealtime waste of the queasy passengers. Much of this business is far more charming, relaxed and intimate than anything Lester did in *The Three Musketeers*, but the net effect was to make me feel more nostalgic than I have in years for this director's early mod comedies. If *The Knack* or *A Hard Day's Night* had been in the neighborhood, I would have split in a second to go see them again.

After that first hour, *Juggernaut*'s story comes to the fore, and Lester pretty much abandons his trademark gestures to settle down and tell his tale—a narrative which pits Naval bomb-genius Richard Harris (in top form) against both the doomsday explosives and the ship's moody, argumentative captain, Omar Sharif. Shirley Knight (George C. Scott's troubled ex-wife in *Petulia*, still Lester's best film) is also on board in a superfluous appearance as a jaded Philadelphia Main Liner who alternately bemoans her worthlessness and goes all gaga over the captain. Much as I like this actress, I might like her even more if she didn't dissipate her talent on comic-book roles such as this one. Still, she's not alone, for two of England's very best stage actors, Ian Holm and Michael Hordern, also waste themselves here, although the latter does so in a bit part. The best characters in the film, as it turns out, are the bombs themselves; with their splendid and intricate inner mechanisms, they could easily hold their own with any of Rube Goldberg's contraptions. If only captain Sharif were half as lively; that glassy-eyed mannikin has already oozed across the screen this year one time too many for my taste (in *The Tamarind Seed*), and often during *Juggernaut* I found myself rooting for the bombs to go off, just so that I might have the obscene pleasure of watching him go down with his ship.

Ours is not to reason why Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch decided to lend their talents to Anthony Harvey's outrageous new historical soap opera, **The Abdication**: maybe only the Gods—or these actors' agents—could begin to explain. Nonetheless, you'd assume that at least someone might have looked at a script before signing on the dotted line. While a screenplay often gives few clues as to the ultimate success or failure of a finished film, I find it hard to believe that this project about Sweden's 17th-century Queen Christina's abandonment of her throne and subsequent conversion to Catholicism had anything going for it even on paper. Ruth Wolff, the person who claims authorship, knows so little about constructing a drama that there's good reason to question whether she has set foot in a theater (if she ever does, I hope someone places her under house arrest); most of the story's main events happen either in flashbacks (the heroine's unhappy youth) or off-camera (the queen's famed exploits in debauchery prior to her arrival in Rome, the Vatican intrigues that transpire once she gets there). The film's principal conflict (Christina's growing infatuation for Cardinal Azzolino, the religious man assigned to plumb her soul to see if she'll be a worthy convert) isn't properly established until past the movie's halfway point, and, once it is, the two leads talk the related philosophical issues to death in dialogue that sounds like an inept simulation of Robert Bolt's mock-literary style. There's also a dollop of les-

bianism along the way and, somewhere in the bowels of the Vatican, a dying Pope every inch as mysterious and elusive as the Wizard of Oz.

As the Dorothy who comes to throw herself on the Papal throne, Ullmann does not embarrass herself beyond the fact that her appearance in these trappings is in itself an embarrassment; her performance blends regal rigidity and sauciness intriguingly to create a sexy woman who is a far cry from Garbo's stiff rendition of the character for director Rouben Mamoulian in 1933. Finch, an equally fine actor, walks through his role doing his calm-man-of-reason-under-fire bit—the same performance he always gives when a part makes no demands upon his soul. In a supporting cast that includes such luminaries as Paul Rogers and Cyril Cusack, the smartest one of all is Michael Dunn as the queen's mute dwarf companion; he had the temerity to die while the film was still in production, thus saving himself from ever seeing the final product. During the picture's many tedious spells, it's often fun to try and guess whether one is watching Dunn himself or the stand-in who was hired after his premature departure.

Despite the competition from Wolff, Ullmann and the substitute dwarf, *The Abdication*'s most dominant presence is that of director Harvey (of *Lion in Winter* fame), a man who has done his best to realize the camp possibilities of the work . . . possibilities that no other director this side of Paul Morrissey might even have guessed at. The sweeping "epic"-style camera movements, the highly theatrical lighting and a mind-boggling opening sequence employing enough candles to light London during a power blackout do a great deal to eliminate that distance which should separate 17th-century grandeur from 20th-century kitsch interior decorating. Harvey has also called upon Nino Rota to compose a pseudo-classical score, resplendent with crashing chords and Britten-like horn riffs; the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra dishes it out every time something of alleged significance happens, thereby ruling out a sound sleep for anyone so unlucky as to have wandered into a theater where this movie is playing. The total effect of this and all the other directorial excesses is to make watching *The Abdication* an experience on the order of watching someone vomit up a beautiful-looking eight-course meal made entirely out of wax.

When friends ask me to name the worst movie I've seen so far this year, I don't have to reflect too long to come up with an answer: hands down, my choice is Peter Bogdanovich's crass *Daisy Miller*. But there are bad movies and there are bad movies. *Daisy Miller*, insulting as it is to the viewer and Henry James, at least looks like a film that was assembled by someone who thought he knew what he was doing. There are other movies so dreadful that they don't even look like movies. Such is the case, I'm afraid, with two new pictures that I happened to catch within one lamentable 72-hour period, namely **Mutations** and **Shanks.** If these curiosities were Broadway plays, no one would ever hear about them, for they would have folded in Philadelphia, if not in Wilmington. Since they're instead the productions of major Hollywood studios, don't be surprised if they turn up at a movie house near you. In other words, look out!

Mutations, directed by Jack Cardiff (*Sons and Lovers*), features Donald Pleasance as a mad geneticist who turns human "specimens" into Venus' flytraps that have a startling resemblance to some papier-mâché plants I recall making in kindergarten. The trick photography is so lame and the Robert Weinbach-Edward Mann dialogue so vulnerable (one character actually says that the whole plot sounds like "bad science fiction") that under ideal circumstances (i.e., someone else is paying, you're stoned) you may get some laughs out of this thing. Michael Dunn, poor guy (and, in better times, a terrific stage actor), contributed his talents here before getting stuck in *The Abdication*; Tom Baker (*Nicholas and Alexandra*'s Rasputin) is in the cast, too, as one of Dunn's fellow circus freak-show performers, an "ugliest man in the world" who, in the film's one sentimental moment, visits a whore and pays her an extra quid so that she'll say, "I love you." But none of the real-life freaks hobbling and limping about in this film can begin to compete with an oddity named Brad Harris, cast in the role of a heroic superduper American scientist. This man (if indeed that's what he is) recites every line in the same flat monotone and moves with all the grace of a backward child who's having some trouble learning how to walk; his head and arms jerk from side to side as though the director had someone sticking him with pins every time a reaction was called for. While I'm tempted to say that Harris is the worst actor in the world, I haven't seen the others that he beat out for this part.

In *Shanks*, Marcel Marceau has the misfortune to play not one but two roles (in one of which he makes his speaking debut, though he only has about four lines, all of which sound dubbed in); it's the most embarrassing spectacle this great mime has made of himself since his appearance in the televised Oscar ceremonies last spring. The characters he plays are a mute puppeteer and his friend, a crazy old man who uses electrodes to make corpses appear to be alive (I suspect the aforementioned Brad Harris was one of his patients). While *Shanks* is billed as "a grim fairy tale," I'd forget about the fairy tale part if I were you—scenes that feature dismembered fingers and murderous hens rule this film out for young children.

Most of the picture unfolds in either the puppeteer's run-down house (which looks like it's been retrieved from a road company of a Harold Pinter play) or in the old man's mansion (a cross between the villain's home in *Psycho* and *Citizen Kane*'s Xanadu); but wherever we are at any given time, *Shanks* exudes the unmistakable stench of death. In the final section— neatly labeled "Good versus Evil" on one of the film's many quaint title cards (an early one promises a "journey into the unknown" and you had better believe it)—

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evil manifests itself in the form of a band of motorcyclists who sound like George Carlin characters and guzzle a certain brand of gin that is plugged shamelessly throughout the entire film. From there, director William Castle moves on to a slow-motion dream sequence involving Marceau and a recently deceased blond, blue-eyed, pre-teen girl (Cindy Eilbacher), thus managing to close out the picture on a jarring note that manages to harmonize necrophilia with child molestation. I tell you, when it comes to movies like *Shanks*, even seeing is not believing.

MUSIC

The timeless exuberance of the Beach Boys' surfing dream

By Janet Maslin

During the week ending October 5, the 10-year-old hit "Surfin' U.S.A." slipped down the *Billboard* singles chart all the way from #36 to #43, and the double album reissue of 1967's *Wild Honey* and 1969's *20/20* slid from 50th to 72nd place. But the Beach Boys' *Endless Summer*, a haphazard two-record collection of pre-1966 material, was the top-selling album in the nation. During that week, *Endless Summer* was certified platinum, which means that at least 1 million copies of it have been sold.

It would be unfair to say the Beach Boys are indifferent to all this—they *are* pleased, albeit in a casual sort of way. But they are also at work on new songs, which doesn't leave them much time for anything else. So they don't know that in a recent hi-fi supplement to the New York *Times*, Henry Edwards, writing of "Those Same Old Sounds . . . From Rock's 'First Golden Era' " (Do tell. How about Elvis?), dismissed their music as follows: "Once upon a time, this group made 'surfing' music, *simplistic ditties* that celebrated California's shore, sun and girls. *The lyrics were banal*, the melodies ebullient, the harmonies lush and the net effect had great *charm*. . . . The Beach Boys' endless summer obviously still has great appeal for those who have grown up with the group and shared the *easygoing mentality* of its songs. Here is a pre-Watergate, pre-protest, pre-drugs adolescence that is as pleasurable as it is *effortless*. . . . But these *tunes* are for the most part *banalities*. This nostalgia is a craving not so much for simplicity as for *simple-mindedness*. It is more to the point to observe that . . . this group possessed the ability to create *tunes that were chock full of melodic verve and amplified with scads of harmonic richness*. Lots of this *stuff* should be forgotten; some of it is still *great fun*."

The italics are mine, the lapses in judgment Edwards' own.

The current success of old Beach Boys material means it's open season once again; anyone can make condescending cracks about peroxide, woodies and surfboards with impunity. ("Beach Baby," a current AM single by an English group called First Class, makes little attempt to duplicate the surf music sound, yet it refers campily to "old L.A.—hey, hey, hey—where everybody drove a Chevrolet.") Even Lance Loud, who was out reviewing a Beach Boys' concert in New Jersey for *Phonograph Record* magazine, accuses the band of "Golden Goodness" and "Wishy Washy perfection," while observing that "the Beach Boys have as many emotions as you could fit on a telephone dial, maybe a little fewer than that." Lance also notes that, although he left before the end of the show, "those guys" were almost "terrific" enough to tempt him to return to California.

The high point of Lance's evening, as he relates it, came either when Mike Love's girlfriend recognized *him* from television, or when guards kept him out of the band's dressing room. Either way, Lance was too busy having fun, fun, fun to ask himself either of the big questions that make for foolish observations about this group: What is there about the national mood that makes them so popular now? And how could their music be improved upon? *Rolling Stone's* recent review of the Bryan Ferry solo album rhapsodized about how Ferry "intensified . . . the original anxiety" of "Don't Worry Baby," without remarking that Ferry also mangles the lyrics in order to eliminate any hint of the car race the song was originally about.

The successful revival of the band's early hits seems more closely related to business considerations than most self-styled pop sociologists would care to admit. The Beach Boys are the closest thing to American rock royalty, as influential (Brian Wilson's arranging style is echoed by countless other bands, not to mention by jingles for soft drinks and suntan oil) as they are durable (they have been together, with only infrequent personnel changes, for more than 12 years). But they are not so regal that they can't also be troupers; since 1970 they have toured diligently enough to hit major cities at least once, and often twice, each year. When live performances are good, they invariably help sell records. And even on the occasional bad night, the band's versions of "simplistic ditties" like "I Get Around" or "Good Vibrations"—shucks, even "Help Me, Rhonda" or "Barbara Ann"—are electrifying enough to make anyone a convert.

The Beach Boys' audience, like their recording career (in 1969 they left Capitol for Warner Bros.), is neatly divided in half. The 15-year-old girls who wax ecstatic with the opening bars of "Fun, Fun, Fun" attest to the timeless exuberance of the band's early sound. And fans a decade older, as eager to hear more recent material as they are for the big hits, can view the group in a different light now that the surf era is behind us all.

I have a friend who grew up in the East and bitterly resented the arrogance of certain surf hits; *he* didn't "wish they all could be California girls." But it's 10 years later, and the Beach Boys' average age is 30 or so. They've all been married, all but one have children, and they don't hang ten or cruise Main—they meditate. They aren't the sort of guys who'd steal your girl anymore, and perhaps they never were. One suspects that the world of "I Get Around"—where "the bad guys know us and they leave us alone"— was never any more real for the Wilsons et al. than it was for people who envied their apparent complacency. It feels, in retrospect, like Brian Wilson spent a lot more time in his room than he did catching waves. And it makes sense that, though Brian's lyrics were often awkward, his songs of yearning— "Surfer Girl," "The Warmth of the Sun," "Don't Worry Baby"—were slightly more believable than his euphoric testimonials to California cool.

Endless Summer is a hit because a whole new audience is ripe for the Beach Boys' appeal, while older fans are now removed enough from their adolescent impressions to share, rather than resent, the sweetness of the surfing dream. *Endless Summer* is a problem, too—the sort of problem everybody should have. Capitol promoted the album with an extensive television campaign, and the idea worked so well that more reissues may be in the offing. (Capitol is also alleged to have 30 previously unreleased Beach Boys' tracks in the can.) And what with Warners' simultaneous marketing of additional old material (and their plans to reissue *Smiley Smile* and *Friends* very shortly), the band is none too anxious to aggravate its already heated competition with itself. So they are currently engaged in the pursuit that seems to make them the happiest: lolling around Santa Monica, two blocks from the beach, in their new 24-track studio with the round stained-glass window, children's playroom and some of the luckiest plants in the world (they and their grow lights line the walls of the recording room, so they get to hear it all). The album is apparently far enough along to be ready by December or so, but there's no way of telling (last spring the band was guessing they'd have it out by August). And there's certainly no need to hurry when, like a surfer Brian Wilson once wrote about, you've caught a wave and you're sitting on top of the world.

***Felix Cavaliere** (Warner Bros.). First solo album, well worth waiting for, from the upbeat, soulful singer who once put the Rascals through their finest paces. Tight and spirited, rousing dance music.

****Home at Last,** *Wayne Berry* (RCA). New singer-songwriter sounds like Jackson Browne with speedier rhythm; not as skillful a lyricist or singer, but he has a good ear for production and melody. Uneven, as first albums are wont to be. But loaded with promise.

***Wrap Around Joy,** *Carole King* (A&M). Exactly one good song here (the title one), and it's mostly good because it's dirty. And someone else could doubtless sing it better. As for the rest, dull and maudlin.

BOOKS

Immoral fiber

By Geoffrey Wolff

Expendable Americans *by Paul Brodeur.* Viking (274 pp., $8.95 hardcover, $3.45 paperback).

Muscle & Blood *by Rachel Scott.* Dutton (306 pp., $8.95).

Asbestos is a mineral fiber, resistant to fire, used in the manufacture of brake linings, floor tiles, insulation material and fireproof yarn. Its other uses are many and important. If there were no asbestos, something very much like it would have to be dreamed up, at terrible expense. Perhaps it is unique, irreplaceable at any price paid in time, ingenuity and money. Trouble is, the men who work with asbestos pay their own special price to their employers and to all of us consumers. It has been known for a long time that exposure to asbestos fibers causes asbestosis, an irreversible lung disease. It has also been proven that such exposure provokes a peculiarly ugly and always fatal cancer called mesothelioma. It is described vividly by a physician in

Rachel Scott's *Muscle & Blood*:

Tiny nodules form in the abdominal cavity and on various internal organs. These nodules secrete a fluid which distends the abdomen sufficiently to alarm the patient. "Then as the disease progresses, these nodules get larger and then coalesce, and start forming solid masses. When you cut through it, this big mass—this tumor—there are the organs imbedded inside. They are not invaded, particularly, they're crushed. They're all crushed by virtue of this big mass, as if you had poured in cement."

If no one worked with asbestos, no one would suffer from mesothelioma. The expert on this disease, Dr. Irving Selikoff, of Mt. Sinai Hospital, believes that there is no way of specifying an amount of asbestos fiber in the working environment so reduced as to rule out the risk of cancer. Paul Brodeur, by magnificent detective work and patient, thorough reading of medical and technical papers, tells the story in *Expendable Americans* of corporate greed and medical venality, a conspiracy between businessmen and doctors to prevent workers and consumers from learning about the dangers of asbestos, to prevent the government from regulating it. These two books, telling of industrial carnage and calculated inhumanity on the part of manufacturers, put the matter directly to us good citizens: if asbestos fiber causes cancer among those who work with it, and if industry cannot reduce the amount of asbestos fiber to a safe level, will we continue to demand asbestos?

Both Brodeur, whose book appeared originally as an exhaustive series in *The New Yorker*, and Scott, an investigative reporter for the Baltimore *Sun*, among other newspapers, quote Elliot Richardson (from the time he was Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare) to the effect that "there may be as many as 100,000 deaths per year from occupationally caused diseases, and at least 390,000 new cases of disabling occupational disease each year."

You might think that such extraordinary figures, reported by the press, would cause people to react in sympathy and in anger. Not at all. Brodeur is probably correct in his hunch that "the delayed carnage occurring in the workplace," cancer 20 years in the making, is not a fashionable catastrophe. Even industrial explosions, like that in 1971 at the Thiokol factory in Georgia, killing 29, the worst industrial disaster of the year according to Scott, was ignored utterly by the New York *Times*.

Upton Sinclair wrote *The Jungle* to "frighten a country by a picture of what its industrial masters were doing to their victims . . . I failed in my original purpose." By accident, he alerted people to what the meatpackers were doing to their food, and that stirred them. As a result, food standards were legislated. Today the people haven't even as much affection for themselves as they had then, let alone as much concern for their brothers. Brodeur tells the story of Reserve Mining Company's taconite plant at Silver Bay, Minn. It has for many years dumped so much asbestos into Lake Superior that the water supply for Duluth is known to carry enough fibers to cause cancer, if indeed asbestos fibers cause cancer. A judge, having heard the medical evidence, having heard the company refuse to cease dumping the stuff unless an alternate dumping system were paid for by the state or federal government, ordered the dumping stopped, effectively shutting the plant. His decision was overturned on appeal. The appellate court's decision said, among other things: "The discharges may or may not result in detrimental health effects, but, for the present, that is simply unknown." When in doubt, then, favor industry over health.

As Brodeur and Scott argue, the burden of proof must be shifted in these matters. Industry must be obliged to prove that its materials and processes cause no injury, however subtle that injury may be and however slowly it manifest itself. Scott writes that there have been periods, "the early 1900s and again in the 30s and 40s," when industrial safety was high. No more. Both she and Brodeur explain in fine detail the economics of industries—many industries, including oil refining, automotive, steel and coal mining—that find it cheaper to pay workmen's compensation than to improve working conditions to the point at which industrial accident and disease were prevented. Workers contribute to their own abuse by hiding their own diseases, knowing that if they are known to be disabled, they will be fired. Scott, without much exaggeration, summarizes the system:

"First, don't bother to keep the plant safe, because it's cheaper to pay off the crippled worker. Second, don't pay the man too much, on the theory that if there's money in it, he'd rather be crippled than work. It is a system based wholly on economics—in effect, on man's worth as a machine."

And Brodeur, with a slight shift of emphasis, agrees: "Much of industry in the United States has long operated on the assumption that it could endanger the lives of its employees with relative impunity—and without embarrassing publicity and possibly damaging repercussions—so long as it did not overtly threaten the health and safety of the community at large. Underlying this assumption is the further assumption that workers are not so much a part of the community as part of the equipment and machinery of production. As such, upon being proved defective they become expendable. They can be replaced or transferred, or, if worst comes to worst, given workmen's compensation (which in most states is minimal) and retired. At that point, they cease to be anyone's responsibility."

Now, I have neglected in this short notice the case histories that are the heart of both these alarming reports, the stories of cruelty and neglect, with their victims and their villains. The victims have names, and they tell their tales in detail. The offending companies are identified, and so are the doctors and health inspectors who covered up crimes, as well as the doctors and health inspectors who revealed them. The books should be read. (I wish Dutton had followed the good lead of Viking and published Scott's book simultaneously in paperback.)

If they are read, and their authors believed, there are remedies at hand. The products of chronic industrial offenders can be boycotted. Union laborers can refuse to work with material detrimental to their own health, or the health of their co-workers in the manufacturing processes. (Such union action would have a particularly devastating effect on producers of asbestos materials.) Workmen's compensation levels should at least equal the highest pay level achieved by a worker before becoming crippled. (Currently, depending on state law, a man who earned as much as $200 per week might receive as little as $30 per week for total disability, and for a limited time only.) There should be "strike with pay" legislation, which would permit workers exposed to hazards on the job to walk off the job till the hazards were corrected, at no sacrifice to themselves.

All these remedies are subject to abuse. Even so, something must be done. It's no use having a convenience kitchen, let us say, the manifestation of our technological resourcefulness, if we use its gadgets to cook and eat our brothers. "Perfection of means and confusion of goals," as Einstein said, "characterize our age."

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The sad, sad lullaby of Broadway

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

One of God's most malodorous and least merry creatures resides in a doorway on 50th Street in Manhattan between Broadway and Seventh Avenue. Every day this verminous fellow can be found there—the heart of what was once called the Great White Way—dodging cars and taxis as he taps out rhythms in the street with a pair of broken drumsticks. On the sidewalk the blond-wigged hookers will make a few coarse jokes about him, then turn their commercial attentions to grub-worn prospects. Needless to say, they are a far, far cry from the long-gowned ladies and glittering showgirls who used to step gingerly to the pavements of Broadway from limousines the size of Conestoga wagons.

But move around Broadway a little, and it gets worse. The Metropole, where Krupa and Rich and Cole once played, now features frugging gum-crackers with vacant eyes and National Geographic breasts. Where once there were Follies and Travesties and the gilded Latin Quarter, there are now Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein* and *Teenage Stepmother* and *Bob & Daryl & Ted & Alex*. The old Irish saloon where the Nathan Detroits and Nicely-Nicely Johnsons used to scan the racing sheet has been replaced by a sterile Off-Track Betting parlor. Sardi's will stand as long as Vincent is still alive. But McGinniss' has folded, and Lindy's, of the golden cheesecake, has been transformed to a leaden Steak & Brew. And finally, after going 15 bitter rounds with his landlord, Jack Dempsey was forced to throw in the towel and close the Broadway restaurant where he sat for so many years, shaking hands, signing autographs, drinking with old ring cronies. Said Dempsey, 79, "I'm heartbroken. This was my second home. But what can you do?"

Dempsey's, however, was only a store; Ed Sullivan was an institution. Not the most adorable institution, to be sure, but a giant of the old days of Broadway. Long before he became the hunched, humorless figure of fun on CBS-TV's *Toast of the Town* (later, simply, *The Ed Sullivan Show*), Ed Sullivan was that toughest, most fawned-over and feared of Broadway denizens (back when such people were called denizens), the Broadway gossip columnist. In the late '30s and '40s and even into the days of his remarkable television triumph, he sat for long night hours in Dempsey's and Lindy's and all the hangouts where Broadway drank and fought and gossiped, and roared with life. Sullivan, the bumbler and stumbler of television, the impresario of dancing Bulgarian bears and Italian puppet mice and sailors who danced on xylophones and cracking whips and leaping dogs and Flying Wallendas—well, that same Sullivan could scrap with the feistiest of them.

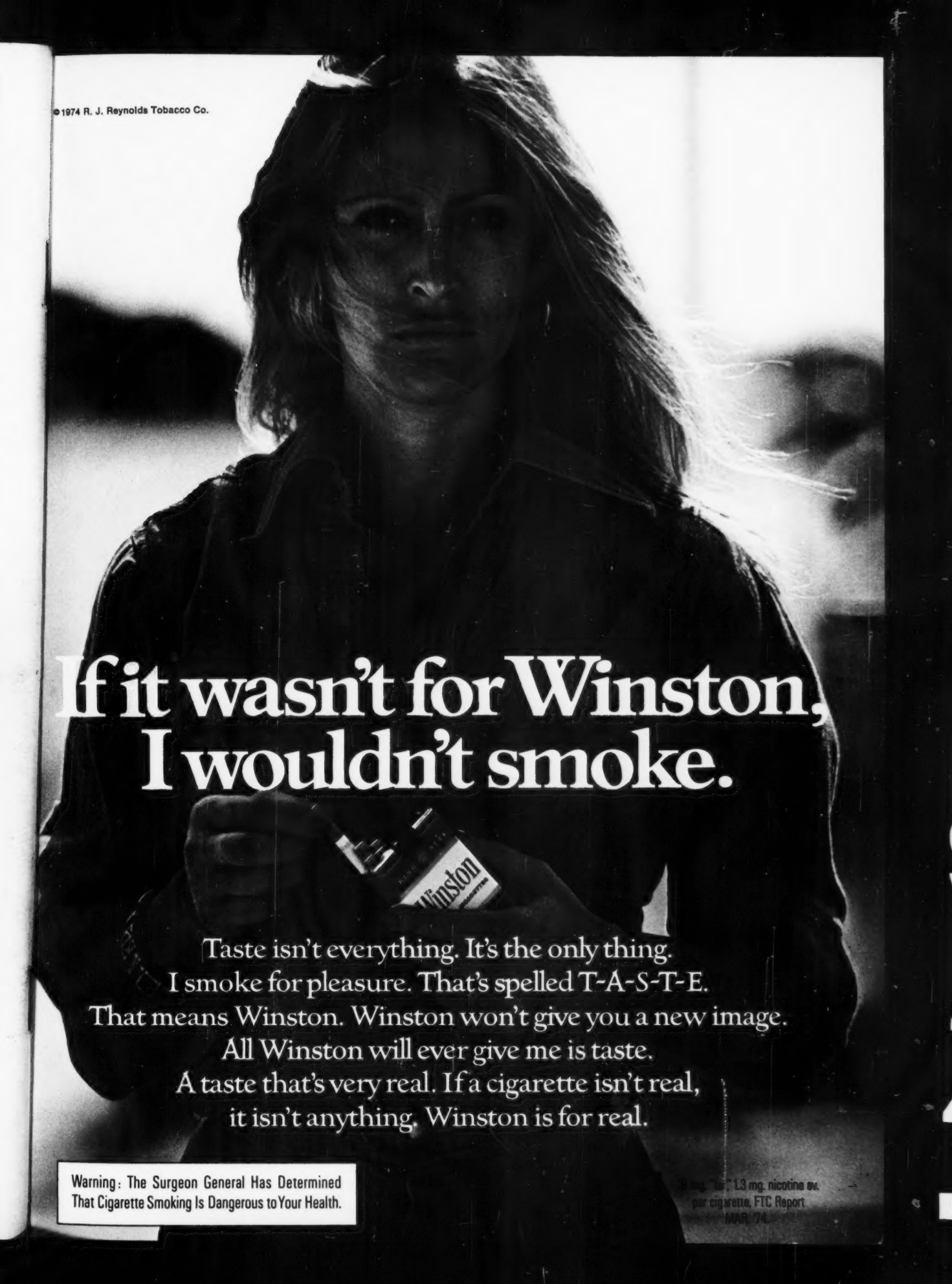
UPI

Born Edward Vincent Sullivan in Harlem in 1901, he grew up in Port Chester, N.Y. Like all good Broadway columnists, he started out as a sports-writer. He banged around on a half-dozen newspapers, finally landing the job as Broadway columnist for the New York *Daily News* in 1932. That was a gaudy assignment—as evidenced by the astronomical salary of $200 a week. These were the days when Broadway had become a curious commingle of theater people, sports figures and established New York money. Sullivan's beat was the high-toned nightclubs and high-rolling saloons, and his star-crazed readers lapped up the one-liners of mostly innocuous gossip.

He did not have the beat to himself. Indeed, he wrote for years in the shadow of his former friend-turned arch-enemy, Walter Winchell. His feuds with Winchell were legend, but not singular. Sullivan also squared off against Westbrook Pegler, Jack Paar, Frank Sinatra—in fact, anyone who dared criticize him. "I never did it the hard way," said Sullivan the hard-nosed and hard-headed, "but you can bet your last dollar I did it the Ed way."

Television changed the image, but not the man (nor the column, which ran until the day after his death). He brought a lot of Barnum & Bailey pap to his show in 22 years, but he also brought to the screen—before anyone else dared—Elvis Presley and the Beatles and Rudolf Nureyev. And in that epoch he made his bull-necked stance and dead-pan delivery the most imitated commodity this side of his pal Jimmy Cagney.

Ed Sullivan is now dead of cancer at the age of 72. Television has survived without him, but the Broadway that he loved has all but died with him. A culture is fundamentally defined by its epicenter, by its priests and criers. Hence history has passed from the fire and the tribal chieftain to the well and the village priest, the baths and the Senate, the church and the bishop and, finally in our own culture, the shopping mall and the huckster. The locus of Broadway was the late-night restaurant, with the clan gathered round the columnist. Now they are gone, and Broadway has become a land of Orange Juliuses, and an olfactory little rummy who plays sad tattoes in the street with broken drumsticks. ●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